

THE CRITIC:

Weekly Journal of Literature, Art, Science, and the Drama.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 459.

APRIL 23, 1859.

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THE REV. JOHN BLUMENREICH—recommended by Dr. Duncan, Professor of Hebrew in the New College, Professor Eadie, Dr. Candlish, Dr. Johnston, Rev. D. T. K. Drummond, and the Rev. Theodore Meyer—will open CLASSES for the SUMMER SESSION, May 2—2, Greyfriars-place, Edinburgh.

PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.—King's College, London.—Professor TENNANT, F.G.S., will give a COURSE OF TWELVE LECTURES ON GEOLOGY, having special reference to the application of the science to Engineering, Mining, Architecture, and Agriculture. The Lectures will commence on Wednesday Morning, May 4, at Nine o'clock. They will be continued on each succeeding Friday and Wednesday, at the same hour. Fee, 11. 11s. 6d. E. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

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Botany.—Dr. Balfour, at the Garden, Mon., 2nd 8 a.m.
Belanical Demonstrations, in the Garden and Hothouses.—Dr. Balfour, Mon., Wed., Frid. 9 a.m.
Vegetable Histology.—Dr. Almar, Tues. and Thurs. 9 a.m.
Belanical Examinations, in the College.—Dr. Balfour, Weds. 3 p.m.
Anatomical Demonstrations.—Mr. Turner, Mon., Wed., and Frid., under the superintendence of Mr. Goodair, Mon., 2nd 2 p.m.
Medical Jurisprudence.—Dr. Traill, Mon., 2nd 11 a.m.
Clinical Surgery.—Mr. Syme, Mon., 2nd 12 noon.
Clinical Medicine.—Dr. Bennett, Tues., 3rd 12 to 2 p.m.
Comparative Anatomy, Tues. and Thurs.—Professor Goodair, Tues., 3rd 2 p.m.
Natural History.—Dr. Almar, Mon., 2nd 1 p.m.
Histology.—Dr. Bennett, Tues., 10th 3 p.m.
Medical Psychology.—Dr. Laycock, Thurs., 5th 3 p.m.
Practical Instruction in Mental Diseases.—Dr. Laycock, Sats. Sat., 14th 3 p.m.
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Royal Infirmary Daily at noon.
Dissecting Rooms, open Daily, under the superintendence of Mr. Goodair, assisted by William Turner, M.B., Lond., and John Cleland, M.D., Edin.
Chemical Laboratory.—The Upper Laboratory, for instruction in Analytical Chemistry, and for Chemical Investigation, under the immediate superintendence of the Professor, aided by Dr. Guthrie as Chief Assistant, is open from 10 to 4. The Lower Laboratory, for instruction in Practical Chemistry, is conducted by Dr. Dalzell, under the inspection and supervision of the Professor.
Technology.—The Laboratory of the Industrial Museum is open for instruction in Chemical Technology, under the superintendence of Professor George Wilson.
April, 1859. ALEX. SMITH, Sec. to the University.

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ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS, London.

12th February, 1859.—H.E. The Minister of the Netherlands has notified to the President and Council of the Royal Academy that an EXHIBITION of the FINE ARTS will be held at the HAGUE in May next, to which the Artists of the United Kingdom are invited to contribute their Works. For particulars apply to Messrs. P. and D. COLNAGHI and Co., 13, Pall-mall East.
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THE CRITIC.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A POINT OF LITERARY ETIQUETTE has been mooted by Mr. GEORGE ELIOT, the author of the much-admired novel, "Scenes from Clerical Life," and the still more recent and equally admired "Adam Bede;" and as we believe that it is a point upon which considerable doubt exists, we take notice of it with a view to its clearer explanation. The two novels above-mentioned were (as our readers are aware) published anonymously, and, as is usual in such cases—at any rate when they result in success—there was a great deal of speculation as to the authorship. Several names were very confidently mentioned, and at last a certain Reverend Mr. ANDERS writes a letter to the *Times*, declaring that the real Simon Pure was Mr. JOSEPH LIGGINS, of Nuneaton. We do not know whether or not this was designed for a bait to draw the veritable author from his hiding-place; but, at any rate, it has had that effect. Mr. GEORGE ELIOT (whose name, by the bye, has been frequently mentioned in literary circles among the candidates for authorship) comes forward and introduces himself in the following rather angry epistle:

The Rev. H. Anders has with questionable delicacy, and unquestionable inaccuracy, assured the world through your columns, that the author of "The Scenes from Clerical Life," and "Adam Bede," is Mr. Joseph Liggins, of Nuneaton. I beg distinctly to deny that statement. I declare on my honour that that gentleman never saw a line of those works until they were printed, nor had he any knowledge of them whatever. Allow me to ask whether the act of publishing a book deprives a man of all claim to the courtesies usual among gentlemen? If not, the attempt to pry into what is obviously meant to be withheld—my name—and to publish the rumours which such prying may give rise to, seems to me quite indefensible, still more so to state these rumours as ascertained truths.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Softly, good Mr. ELIOT! *Bona verba*, reverend sir? Are you quite sure that there is any such "courtesy among gentlemen" as you seem to imply? Is it so very certain that a man, the writer and publisher of a book, has a right to have his desire for anonymity respected? We, for our part, beg to deny that any such rule of courtesy exists, or that it is either expedient or proper that it should exist. *Voyons un peu*.

In the first place it is worth while observing that the law of the land (though that is not final in a question of honour) evidently abhors anonymity; because, knowing the infinite evasions to which a statutable requirement of the author's name would be subject, it expressly insists upon the name of the printer being given; relying, in some measure, it is to be presumed, upon the honour of the writer that he will not suffer "the mechanical man" to bear any unpleasant consequences of the publication. And it cannot be denied that anonymous authorship is really opposed, not only to the letter of the law, but to the moral good of society. In journalism it is very different. There anonymity is required for many reasons; but it will be sufficient for our present purpose to bring forward one, which is, that a book is a distinct utterance of one writer, for which he is responsible, and of which he is to take all the credit or the blame; whereas an article in a journal is the utterance of that abstraction itself, personified in the editor, who is responsible for what appears.

Now, let us consider what are the motives which induce writers to withhold their names from the title-pages of their books. They are:

Firstly. Because they are uncertain of the success of their book, and timidity whispers to them that it is better to keep the name back until success or failure is certain.

Secondly. Because, through a false shame and worldly foolishness, they have got an idea that authorship is not a creditable occupation.

Thirdly. Because they think it prudent to remain concealed; lest, if the fact of their authorship should become known, it might harm them in some way or other.

Fourthly. Because they are really and properly ashamed of what they have written; and,

Fifthly (but this reason must always be identical with one or more of the above). Because they do not choose to tell their names.

We must candidly declare that we have no great respect for any of these reasons. They are not all absolutely disgraceful; but they are none of them highly creditable. Why should a man be ashamed to acknowledge that which he is not ashamed to write? We hold that the public has as much right to discover, by any honest means possible, the author of an anonymous book as a man has to discover the writer of an anonymous letter. What courtesy is usual among gentlemen (let us ask Mr. ELIOT) to shield the man who tacitly says to the world: "I have written a book; I have thrust myself upon your notice; intruded myself into your mind; presumed to divert the channel of your thoughts, and now I am afraid, ashamed, or unwilling to tell you who and what I am?" We answer, that there is none; and more, that there ought to be none. A name upon a title-page is some guarantee for the value of the book; for it enables you to test the author by his book, and the book by its author. Art is so long and life so short, that the question of whether a certain train of speculation is worth following out or not, should be abbreviated as much as possible; and this the confession of the author's name tends very much to do. Take, for example, the case of the "Vestiges," which has lately been discussed in these columns. We presume that Mr. ELIOT accuses us of neglecting "the courtesies usual among gentlemen," by attempting "to pry into what is obviously meant to

be withheld"—the name of the author. If so, we feel very comfortable under the imputation. The "Vestiges" is a very clever speculative book, and the concealment of the author's identity is commonly attributed to the third of the reasons above stated, namely, prudence. It is thought that as some of the views differ somewhat from those which are generally adjudged to be orthodox, the confession of authorship might have brought some harm upon the writer in a worldly point of view. If so, as we have said before, we have no respect for such a feeling. Another theory is, that, being the work of some one whose name was well known in science, it was sent forth anonymously lest it should compromise the position of its writer. If so, it was a piece of hypocrisy, and not more respectable on that account. Take it any way you will, we cannot see the ground for that courtesy to which Mr. ELIOT lays claim.

Perhaps the most venial of all the reasons for concealment is the first; but that is scarcely permissible after the ice has been broken, and the first experiment turned out well. Indeed, we generally find that when this is the case, authors are themselves in haste to drop the *incognito*, lest the world should not discover them fast enough. There is a good story told of a living author, whose first production was very popular, and who tried for some time to pass for a "Great Unknown." So many names were mentioned in connection with his book, that at length he became seriously alarmed lest some impudent impostor should crop all his laurels and leave him none to glean. One day he went to a friend and said, "By the bye, So-and-so, there is a foolish rumour about that I am the author of such-and-such a book. Now, I don't want you to make any fuss about it; but you would infinitely oblige me if you would take every opportunity of contradicting that report."—"My dear fellow," replied his friend, "I can do that with the greatest confidence; for (between you and me) I am the author of that book." The look of blank dismay that followed this announcement may be "more readily imagined than described;" but within a very few days the real author's name was no longer a secret.

We have once before called attention to the anomalous rules which the MASTER of the ROLLS has chosen to lay down respecting the State Paper publications. Copies are not allowed to be sent for review; and now the *Publisher's Circular* complains that the regular trade allowance is not made to retail booksellers, and that one of the results of this is that these admirable and useful works are hardly known out of a select circle of professed antiquarians and *habitués* of the Record and Will Offices. As we have already urged, the customs which are generally adopted in a trade are founded upon good reasons, and are the best for carrying on that trade. The MASTER of the ROLLS may rely upon it that publishers would never give away copies to journals, nor allow discount to booksellers, from purely philanthropic motives. They do so simply because it is to their interest—because they find that by these means they can enlarge the circulation of their books. Why, then, should these State publications be denied the advantage of measures which all experience proves to be wise and beneficial.

We should have scarcely thought it worth while noticing the misuse which has been made of a paragraph taken from these columns if it were not that it has been erroneously quoted in several quarters. Some weeks ago we referred to a rumour then current as to a contract between Mr. THACKERAY and a highly respectable publishing firm. We did so, however, merely to hint our disbelief in the existence of such a contract. After this it is somewhat strange to find ourselves quoted as the authority for the rumour. The "Lounger" in the *Illustrated Times*, referring to the matter, says: "It may be relied on as a fact that Mr. THACKERAY's future works will be published by Messrs. SMITH and ELDER, and not as heretofore by Messrs. BRADBURY and EVANS;" to which a writer in the *Evening Herald* very properly rejoins that "a number of the great satirist's works have for years been issued by the Cornhill publishers."

Among the *scintille* of news for the week we note with regret the departure from England of a very able writer and skilful journalist, Mr. EDWARD M. WHITTY, who sailed the other day from Liverpool to Australia. All who know anything of Mr. WHITTY will unite to wish him that success which his merits deserve; but we cannot help marvelling and regretting that the English press could not furnish ample room and verge enough for the exercise of his very exceptional abilities. Surely "the rabble of editors" (to use Mr. CARLYLE's favourite phrase) is not so strong as to afford the loss of such a representative journalist as Mr. WHITTY! His career as a journalist in the metropolis began with an engagement as a parliamentary reporter for the *Daily News*; afterwards he edited the *Leader* with an ability which attracted to that journal a great deal of public notice. It was in the prosecution of his duties as a reporter that the happy idea struck him which he afterwards carried out with such power in the columns of the *Leader*. His parliamentary sketches, and essays on the "Governing Classes," were not only deemed worthy of collection and republication, but were referred to, with notes of admiration, by the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and other influential reviews abroad. We believe that Mr. TRUEBNER is shortly about to publish a second and enlarged edition of them. His novel, "Friends of Bohemia," was not so successful, though it undoubtedly bore marks of uncommon power.

The question is not so much why THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON, Esq., has been knighted, as how it came to pass that he succumbed to the dignity? What has our glorious old friend, the wise, the

witty, the humorous Clockmaker done, to deserve this? He has never lost a fortress that we are aware of; he has never worn Court livery; he has never presented an address of congratulation; he has not even been Lord Mayor. Why, then, this prefix to his name? Think of the incongruity of announcing the Clockmaker as "Sir THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON"! Would it not have been better to have preserved the world-known appellation, and have knighted him as Sir SAMUEL SLICK?

The University of Oxford has, we hear, resolved that for the future the Academical degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Music shall not be conferred until after due examination of candidates in the theory and principles of the science, and not, as heretofore, upon the performance of a mere exercise in the Theatre or Music School. To carry out this regulation an Examinership has been established in addition to the already existing Professorship of Music now filled by Sir FREDERICK OUSELEY. The new Examiner is the Rev. Dr. ROWDEN, lately Master of East Sheen School, who has long been known in musical circles for his proficiency, both in theory and performance.

Alive also to the necessity of preserving as many monuments as possible of the language, manners, and customs of our ancestors, the University has just published a series of three miracle-plays in the Cornish dialect of the Celtic language, from a MS. in the Bodleian Library, of the fourteenth or fifteenth century. These plays are entitled respectively, "The Beginning of the World," "The Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ," and "The Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ." They appear in two octavo volumes, entitled "The Ancient Cornish Drama," edited and translated by Mr. EDWIN NORRIS, Sec. R.A.S. (Oxford: at the University Press.) In his preface, Mr. NORRIS informs us that "these three dramas constitute the most important relic known to exist of the Celtic dialect once spoken in Cornwall. They are of greater amount than all the other remains of the language taken together, and the only other Cornish composition left of the same antiquity, the poem of "Mount Calvary" is barely equal to one-fourth of their extent." Besides the translation into English, Mr. NORRIS has further added a Cornish Grammar and Vocabulary, as also an Appendix, giving some account of the remains of Cornish literature; an essay upon the Cornish language, to which he feels disposed to assign a higher antiquity than to the Welsh or Armorican; and "Notes on the Names of Places, &c., mentioned in the Dramas," contributed by Mr. E. HOBBS Pedler. The entire work is one calculated to give a spur to the study of our Celtic literature and antiquities, and extend Mr. NORRIS's well-earned reputation as a philologist.

The long-expected geological survey of the State of Pennsylvania, has at last made its appearance, in two handsome quarto volumes, entitled "The Geology of Pennsylvania, a Government Survey, with a General View of the Geology of the United States, Essays on the Coal-formation and its Fossils, and a Description of the Coal-fields of North America and Great Britain. By HENRY DARWIN ROGERS, State Geologist," &c. (W. Blackwood and Sons,

Edinburgh.) This highly valuable survey was begun as far back as the year 1836, but after its sixth year its operations were discontinued, owing to the pecuniary embarrassments of the State. They were, however, afterwards resumed, and the author has now the satisfaction of seeing the result of his labours in print, although in the performance of his task he had to meet with unusual obstacles and hardships. The work, strange to say, is printed in Scotland; the reason being, that the author is now "Professor of Natural History in the University of Glasgow;" the first instance, we believe, of any American occupying the post of Professor in any of our universities.

At the time our last number went to press, no account upon which we could rely had been received as to the death of Lady MORGAN, and consequently we mentioned the rumour with an air of doubt. It is, however, too true; SYDNEY Lady MORGAN has gone at last, at an age which (jealously as she guarded the secret of its precise amount) must have been sufficient to make her imagine, with FONTENELLE, that the Destroyer had forgotten her. The ungallant compilers of biographical dictionaries place the era of her birth at "about the year 1783," which would bring her to the very advanced age of seventy-six. Her father, Mr. ROBERT OWENSON, was a song writer and musical composer in Dublin, and, as we mentioned last week, a relative of OLIVER GOLDSMITH. SYDNEY OWENSON published a volume of poems before she was fourteen; and this was followed by a collection of English songs set to old Irish melodies—an idea afterwards used by TOM MOORE. Then came "The Lay of the Irish Harp," a poem: "St. Clair, or the Heiress of Desmond;" and "The Novice of St. Dominick;" both novels. In 1801 she published the celebrated novel whose name afterwards became her *sobriquet* through life—"The Wild Irish Girl." So successful was this work that in two years it went through seven editions, and made its authoress celebrated wherever the English language was read. Then came "Patriotic Sketches," "Ida," and "The Missionary." In 1811 she married Sir CHARLES MORGAN, a physician, and the author of "Sketches of the Philosophy of Life and Morals." After that event she resided for some time abroad, and wrote two more novels, "O'Donnell" and "Florence MacCarthy," a volume on France, and another on Italy. In 1827 she published "The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys," and afterwards, in quick succession, "The Book of the Boudoir," "The Princess," "Dramatic Scenes from Real Life," "The Life and Times of Salvador Rosa;" and, in 1840, "Woman and her Master." The last production from her pen was the collection of autobiographical reminiscences published but a few months back, and reviewed in our columns. From this brief recapitulation of facts, it will be seen that Lady MORGAN's was a mind gifted with uncommon activity; but even this list will serve to give no idea of the constant state of warfare into which her bold avowal of liberal principles at one time brought her. Elastic as well as fertile must have been that spirit which could live so long after such toil. Peace be to her!

After Life's fitful fever, she sleeps well.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PIRIE ON THE HUMAN MIND.

An Inquiry into the Constitution, Powers, and Processes of the Human Mind, with a View to the Determination of the Fundamental Principles of Religious, Moral, and Political Science. By the Rev. W. R. PIRIE, D.D. Aberdeen: Brown. London: Longmans.

EXCEPT THAT THE AUTHOR reserves the right of translation, we find no trace in this work of the arrogance, half provincial, half personal, for which Scottish books on mental philosophy are so conspicuous. It would be wrong to say that this greater comparative modesty is its only merit; but to us it is its chief recommendation. The writer is an able and in general an exceedingly fair critic on his predecessors; yet, alas! when we seek for something positive and suggestive, we encounter only a dreary blank. The blunder of the volume is one which we have repeatedly exposed: the human mind is treated as an independent and organic entity. Now this most certainly it is not. The spiritual principle in man, of course, we should be the last to deny: we abhor and we persistently attack materialism. But in studying man we must view him exclusively as a living individual, otherwise we bewilder ourselves amid ghastliest figments. Dr. Pirie assails Kant with clearest justice and with invincible force as a crazy and pedantic architect of the chimerical; yet does Dr. Pirie himself build on any more solid foundation?

The grand question is whether psychology can be an inductive science. Dr. Pirie thinks that till psychology is treated as an inductive science, mental philosophy can scarcely be said to have begun. Now, what, after all, is psychology? It is the torture of an artificial consciousness. A Shakspeare looks at and pictures the living individual with living colours. A psychologist retires to the shadowy smallness of his own pineal gland, and there stretches his soul on the rack, or, viewing it as a thing dead and apart, subjects it to a species of morbid anatomy. What matter

to mankind the visions seen or the deeds done in this dismal camera-obscura! Yet the visions seen and the deeds done in this Morgue of murdered crotchets are to be treasured and classified according to the most comprehensive and elaborate inductive system! We must be pardoned for regarding this pretension as consummately absurd. Mental philosophy commenced with ontology; its next step was to metaphysics; its next step, through the influence malign of the Cartesian, was to psychology. To the fecund gaze of earth's first fathers the universe was a vast and vital whole. It was a huge animal with myriad members and myriad voices. They who with more genial eye beheld the myriad members—they who with keener ear listened to the myriad voices, were the earliest ontologists. Men more meditative came, on whose opulent and adoring phantasy the mystery of the Invisible gradually stole. These were the earliest metaphysicians. Then men came who learned the dangerous secret of self-analysis—who turned away from the visible and invisible universe, from the glorious theatre of infinite life, to dig and to sow in the desert of their own puny brain. These were, these are, the psychologists.

Now it may suit persons like Dr. Pirie to call this progress; we call it an immense and deplorable degeneracy. And our most earnest efforts have been devoted to lead our readers away from the aridities of the psychological to the sublimities of the metaphysical, and thence to the marvels of the ontological, which are in truth the very garment of God. The Scotch are psychologists; the French, rhetorical mathematicians; the Germans, metaphysicians; the English, ontologists. Hence, as regards philosophy, these nations do not understand each other. This, however, we may safely predict, that the most transcendental soarings of recent German thought will have as their only practical result an English ontology. The ultimate development of English philosophy will be an expanded and transfigured Baconianism. But it is with the macrocosm, not the microcosm, that Baconianism is competent to deal. Induction is not the mere adding of fact to fact;

it is the incessant march to a larger and larger reality. It seeks all the elements which constitute a unity; and when it has found them it seeks all the kindred unities; and when it has grouped these it travels in search of some higher, more bounteous unity to comprehend them; and so on for evermore. Compare this valiant and colossal synthesis with the pitiful doings of the psychologists. They, confining themselves to the microcosm, and having no sight or soul for the macrocosm, first abstract and then analyse. But while analysing abstractions, while flourishing an old rusty dissecting-knife in the garret of their pineal gland, they talk of studying the human mind by the inductive method! Induction, though scorning the analytic and the abstract, is yet to do for both the same work which it joyously performs for the beautifully organic, for the richly synthetic! Philosophy is the deepening as religion is the hallowing of man's existence: but the one disclaims fellowship with phantoms just as emphatically as the other. When certain philosophers have set forth what they have named the principles of common sense, they meant no more than that a philosophy must be false which contradicts the normal, the healthy in human nature. The profoundest philosophy cannot do this; but the shallowest often may.

There is nothing which is so much in harmony with human nature as the intuitional; yet there is nothing which shallow philosophers are so prone to deny. And what is the ground of the denial? That some prating pedants—the gentlemen to whom we owe such philosophies—have never themselves experienced the intuitional. You have not the poet's genius, therefore there are no poets. You have not the saint's ecstatic emotions, therefore there are no saints. The reasoning is admirable. The region of the intuitional doth not exist for you, therefore it exists for no one. The reasoning is admirable. The intuitional being a revelation to the elect, must be a revelation from the elect. And it is only this revelation from the elect which is properly entitled to the name of philosophy. The intuitional, the instinctive philosophers have been men like Pythagoras, and Plotinus, and Giordano Bruno, and Schelling. Here, as in other cases, it is out of the fulness of the heart that the lips should have eloquent utterance. But if some pompous pedagogue with no interior vocation, sits down deliberately to make a book on a philosophical subject, what can the book be except a dreary echo of the platitudes and the prejudices which pompous pedagogues have been repeating from generation to generation? This is the source of all the errors in philosophy—that every one who possesses a few dialectical dexterities deems himself fitted to expatiate on the most momentous questions. The true philosopher solves no problems; he does not attempt to solve any. He divinely breathes what by divine sympathy he has unconsciously seized when brooding on the unseen. There is a philosophy of the schools, and there is a philosophy of the deep and earnest heart. The former frames problems that it may have the pleasure and the glory of solving them. It breaks in vanity the bubbles which in vanity it blows. But the intuitional philosophy offers simply the fruits of contemplation, and invites the humble and holy to partake. In spite of a scholastic nomenclature and scholastic processes, there is a prodigal and potent intuitional leaven in German philosophy; and, notwithstanding what Dr. Pirie may say by way of disparagement, its conquests in foreign lands are legitimate enough. His depreciation and denunciation will assuredly not stop its progress. Penetrating and enveloping our country, it will not deign to do battle with the psychologists and their wearisome doctrines. It is a strange delusion on the part of Dr. Pirie to believe that only an improved and developed Lockism can save us; to believe this, though Locke has long been a monarch without a crown and without a kingdom. We surrender Kant and Hegel to Dr. Pirie's keenest comments; they are not favourites of ours. But has not the German breast become a sanctuary for a far more celestial philosophy than Kant or Hegel ever disclosed? We grant that Kantism and Hegelianism lead to doubt and despair; yet this is precisely because they are too like the systems which Dr. Pirie is himself inclined to preach and applaud.

The German mood at present is not sceptical. There is a disposition to clothe Christian mysticism and neoplatonic Pantheism with gorgeous Baconian raiment. The Germans are borrowing from us for the outward of their philosophy, as we are borrowing, and must further borrow, from them for the inward of ours. The reconciliation of Baconianism with the Christian feeling and the neoplatonic idea is an interlude in philosophy in which Germany and England are alike compelled to take a part. Neither in the case of Germany nor in that of England can this be designated eclecticism. The patchwork known as eclecticism was the attempt of the French intellect to combat with its natural impulses, which have always been towards sensationalism. In the purest, most spiritualist French writers, we encounter the grossest material images. It would be a malignant and wicked calumny to assert that all Frenchmen are licentious. But the licentiousness of France has so coloured the whole of French literature as to communicate a warmth and an odour more of earth than of heaven to the most sacred language on the most sacred themes. France is always a Magdalene about to be penitent, but waiting for a more convenient season. France rushed into eclecticism when awed and humbled by crowding catastrophes forty or fifty years ago. She was about to repent then, but she has not repented. Let us not confound one of France's many passing whims with that spiritual interchange which is for ever

proceeding in the world of thought, and which renders even the most national philosophy still more catholic than national. Yet however catholic, philosophy is not independent of the transitory. The renewal of Germany's political and the expansion of its industrial existence have had a notable effect on the recent aspects of its philosophy. There has been a retreat from the Hegelian excesses, both of a spiritualist and of a materialist kind. Transcendentalism has learned to speak a more popular language, such as could go forth to the four winds through railways and electric telegraphs. Even without this the revolution, begun rather with than by Kant, was complete. German philosophy has ceased to be inventive. The more marked and gifted of the new generation, such as Kuno Fischer, only attempt to philosophise through writing the history of philosophy. Herein they show alike their modesty and their wisdom.

But Germany's season of comparative sterility will be England's season of fruitfulness. We are on the eve of such philosophical transfigurements in England as will almost eclipse our poetical glories—magnificent and unrivalled as these are. Let not, however, Dr. Pirie and his brethren believe that they, while mistaking the very nature of philosophy, can have any share in those sublime philosophical discoveries and triumphs. They are men of the microscope; and it is through men of the telescope that the universe must wear a diviner countenance to English souls. We ask for a banquet, and Dr. Pirie offers us anatomical preparations. There are many physical sciences—embryology, for instance—whose details are most offensive to all except those who make them a special study. But Dr. Pirie evidently thinks that when it is the mind, and not the body, which is concerned, the details must be delectable even to the most uninitiated. In the centre of your consciousness you are to erect an anatomical museum, and the more abortions and monstrosities you crowd into it the better! Rather than have no abortions and monstrosities, you are to stagnate your mind into a pool of pollution that there horrible things may breed and welter.

The Scottish psychologists often complain that their arguments are not fairly met. Are they insensible to the argument of arguments—humanity's disgust? When we assure you, worthy pedants, that whatsoever in your doctrines doth not weary, revolts, can you demand any other refutation? In the stereotyped character of Scottish theology we find the main, the invincible obstacle to the transformation of Scottish philosophy. Scotland has had great preachers, but it can scarcely be said to have had a single great divine. From age to age, since the Reformation, there have in Scotland been numerous ecclesiastical agitations, without, however, communicating the smallest theological impulse. With a horror of heresy, the Scotch have leaped lightly enough into schism; and schismatic movements have been to them the equivalents of theological progress. No doubt they have kept themselves free from the taint of heresy; but slight is the gain merely to be orthodox unless there be width of religious vision and warmth of religious life. The narrowness of view, the literalness of interpretation, and the mechanical traditionalism of Scottish theology have been fatal to Scottish philosophy, fatal to boldness and breadth of research, to originality of idea, and to fruitfulness of result. All Scottish philosophers, without exception, have been critics on philosophy, not creators therein; because where religion does not appeal to the whole man philosophy cannot be creative. Religion appealed to the whole man in the middle ages; and thus the foremost thinkers were the foremost theologians no less; and some of them, like Saint Anselm, were even the highest dignitaries in the Church. It is never a noble philosophy which reigns when religion is either scorned or chained. The French have scorned, the Scotch have chained religion; and behold in both cases the philosophical poverty. Stationary in religion, sterile in philosophy, the Scotch, that they might seem to be doing something in the philosophical field, have gone on adding psychological molehill to psychological molehill. Dr. Pirie's molehills are respectable enough molehills, but they are not what he conceives them to be, mountains. Both in religion and in philosophy the Scotch must leave their limited provincial domain. Our quarrel with them is not for being satisfied with this limited provincial domain, but for declaring with annoying pertinacity that it is the very infinite and everlasting kingdom itself. It is so far from being the infinite and everlasting kingdom, that it does not even belong to that kingdom. As an instrument of government and of discipline the Scottish ecclesiastical system has had admirable effects. But when it presumes to be dictator for the conscience as well as despot for the conduct, it enters a sphere not its own, and produces that penury and paltriness of thought which in the theology and philosophy of Scotland we deplore. Dr. Pirie is the slave of the meagre theology to which the Scottish ecclesiastical system gives law; how then can he potently and profitably discourse to us of philosophy? When we speak of meagreness, we do not allude to the orthodoxy. There is an orthodoxy which is bounteous of breast, rich in phantasy, full of pity, puissant in organisation; there is an orthodoxy which is simply an arid and antiquated dogmatism, without insight into the sublimest things of heaven, without sympathy for the most beautiful things of earth. Orthodoxy may be so interpreted and incarnated as to be either the most inclusive or the most exclusive of principles. In the best days of the Catholic church it was the former; then heretics, however earnest, were merely men notable for some defect of heart, or intellect, or imagination. In Scotland, orthodoxy has always been the most exclusive of principles; no large-souled grasp of adorable mysteries, but a prison where the human spirit was only allowed to

look up to the Eternal Spirit through horrible dungeon-bars. We do not say that the Scotch must cease to be orthodox; but we emphatically say that they must fertilise and elevate their orthodoxy if they do not wish to be a mockery to mankind for their absurd philosophical pretensions.

ATTICUS.

LIFE AND TIMES OF DE FOE.

The Life and Times of Daniel De Foe. With Remarks, Digressive and Discursive. By WILLIAM CHADWICK. London: John Russell Smith. 1859. 1 vol. pp. 464.

ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING TASKS to be done in the biography of English literature is a good life of Daniel De Foe. His own innumerable and multifarious writings afford ample material, and where they fail, the industry of Mr. Wilson has filled up *lacune* and supplied minute information, with a sagacity and perseverance known to the too few readers of Daniel's most careful though not liveliest biographer. Mr. John Forster's vigorous and vivacious sketch, originally published in the *Edinburgh Review*, and reprinted, we observe, in the recent volumes of his collected essays, is entirely based on Mr. Wilson's conscientious and laborious octavos. But Mr. Forster's was and remains a sketch, a mere review-article, not seemingly destined to be expanded into an elaborate biography, like his "Oliver Goldsmith." It still remained for some literary aspirant to do for Mr. Wilson's Life of De Foe what in Goldsmith's case Mr. Forster had done for that of Mr. Prior—to take the extant facts, add to them, and eke them out—throw in lively sketches of contemporary biography, history, and manners, and come confidently before the public with a Life and Times of Daniel De Foe. The enterprise is yet unfulfilled, despite Mr. Chadwick's new and bulky volume. It is a Barmecide's feast to which he invites us, of mere dull unreadable extracts from Daniel's most forgotten pamphlets. There is no Life and Times of De Foe here. The "Remarks, digressive and discursive" are like the observations with which the Barmecide interspersed the fancied dishing-up of his imaginary feast. On irritable readers they may produce the effect which the Barmecide's had on his hungry guest. We ourselves must confess to having been considerably amused by them. As a life, Mr. Chadwick's volume is as bad, meagre, insufficient, and ineffective as the instalment of Lord John Russell's biography of Fox, which we recently reviewed. But Mr. Chadwick, speaking *propria personâ*, is a much droller and more diverting, as well as less dignified, person than Lord John. If De Foe's latest biographer should think of entering the House of Commons at the general election, we could promise him, if successful, and if he speaks as he writes, a parliamentary reputation rivalling that of the late Colonel Sibthorp, though to be acquired on a different side of the House.

Nothing can be more diverting than the origin of the book, as related by Mr. Chadwick himself. No anxious deliberations respecting a topic, with the praises of reviewers and the pudding of Paternoster-row before his eyes, preceded Mr. Chadwick's selection of De Foe as a hero. Gibbon has told how the thought of the "Decline and Fall," dawned on his historic mind. Less august, but described with equal distinctness, was the genesis of the "Life and Times of De Foe." In September, 1856—illustrious date—Mr. Chadwick and his "late lamented friend, John Collinson," made "one out of many excursions into the romantic district of Yorkshire, known as Craven." They arrived, in due course, at Skipton. There they repaired to the Devonshire Hotel, and—interesting fact—"had tea." After partaking of the cups which cheer but not inebriate, Messrs. Chadwick and Collinson "sat down in the common room;" perhaps, but this is conjecture, to imbibe some stronger potations. A "gentleman of business," probably, in plain English, a bagman, "related for two hours together, how once near Leicester, Splasher ran away with him in a gig." Wearied of the monotonous narrative, the intellectual Chadwick took refuge in an adjoining old curiosity shop, which contained among other things, "a lot of old trash, the sweepings of the shelves and floor of the library of the last of the Vavasours of Weston Underwood, in Wharfedale." From these, Mr. Chadwick selected for purchase "a single lot," "a book of travels in England, by some party unknown." The work turned out to be the well-known Journey written by no less a "party" than the author of "Robinson Crusoe." Strange to say, what struck Mr. Chadwick most in the book was a single sentence which, to other readers, will not seem very wonderful. Camden, "Mr. Camden—Mr. Chadwick, though a Radical and a little of a *sansculotte*, politely calls him "Mr." Camden—had said of Doncaster that "it was burnt entirely to the ground *anno* 759," and was hardly recovered in his time. "But," added De Foe, "it now looks more decayed by time than accident, and the houses, which seem ready to fall, might rise again to more advantage after another conflagration." This "brief sentence" is not a very remarkable one, but it "stimulated" Mr. Chadwick "to inquiry as to the author," perhaps because he himself dates from "Arksey, near Doncaster." What great events from trivial causes spring! The bagman, the brief sentence about Doncaster, led to the composition of this bulky "Life and Times of De Foe." Mr. Chadwick soon possessed himself of "seventy or more works written by the same ready pen;" and that he has made ample if not good use of them, every reader of this volume must acknowledge. A gentleman who could see so much in the "brief sentence" quoted above, is not likely to underrate De Foe's general literary powers, and if all the extracts given from Daniel's fugitive

pieces were omitted from the present volume, a very small, though a very curious, residuum would remain.

It was "to throw some additional ray of light on the character of one of Britain's greatest geniuses" that Mr. Chadwick took up his pen and scissors. Alas! however, for his appreciation of "one of Britain's greatest geniuses." Mr. Chadwick evidently admires the "Complete Tradesman" more than "Robinson Crusoe." The "Complete Tradesman," he says, "I consider second to none in the English language;" elegantly adding, "and the work which formed the groundwork of the character of the great Benjamin Franklin, for that work is Franklin all over." This is in the preface; but towards the end of the work we are assured again, respecting the "Complete English Tradesman," "I consider it to be the best book that De Foe ever wrote, and perhaps it is the best book that ever was written in the English language. This is the book which tended greatly to form the character of Benjamin Franklin, for it is Franklin all over." Luckily for those who have been readers of the "Complete English Tradesman," and are readers of Mr. Chadwick's curious volume, they are not treated to extracts from "Franklin all over" to the extreme extent which might be anticipated from the author's enthusiastic admiration of it. "This book," quoth Mr. Chadwick naïvely, at page 454, "I have been lying back for, intending to give some extracts, which is the reason I have passed over twenty valuable works without a comment. The following extracts from this truly valuable work may not be uninteresting," &c. &c. But the total number of pages had been fixed at 464, so that, after all his "lying back," Mr. Chadwick has to put off his reader with only a few pages of extracts from one of the best-known books in the language. Poor "Robinson Crusoe" is much more shabbily treated. Of the 464 pages contained in this "Life and Times of Daniel De Foe," how many does the reader think are devoted to the immortal book? Exactly two, and one of them is—extract.

Let no one repair to this incondite volume in search even of the facts of De Foe's biography. Mr. Chadwick's "ray of light," such as it may be, is certainly, as he styles it, an "additional" one, for he scorns to avail himself of the information of others. Speaking of the biographer of De Foe, Mr. Chadwick says in almost an odder than his always odd way: "To this man, Walter Wilson, Esq., I am greatly indebted; for I have used his work as a landmark for dates and indexes to these several publications of De Foe." But as to the biographical facts of "Walter Wilson, Esq.," Mr. Chadwick will have none of them. It is not from any contempt for "this man" that Mr. Chadwick declines to use his information, but from a scrupulosity almost unparalleled in literary history. "From my great desire to avoid the appearance of copying from Mr. Wilson's work, I have omitted scores of minor events connected with De Foe, which, in a great measure, rested upon Mr. Wilson's knowledge of works, pamphlets, lampoons, broadsheets, &c., and which I could not myself verify in the private collection, the book-shop, or the reading-room of the British Museum." Did it not occur to Mr. Chadwick that there is such a thing as the citation of an authority? Clearly, so honest a writer runs no chance of being plunged into a controversy like that in which Mr. John Forster was engaged with Mr. Prior *à propos* of the "Life of Goldsmith." Mr. Chadwick goes even further. Like the gentleman in the play, he will not read for fear of spoiling his originality. It is with the utmost gravity that Mr. Chadwick gives this assurance to the world, "Macaulay's 'History of England' I have never touched—never opened—for fear of stealing some idea or other." Mr. Chadwick's self-restraint, it must be confessed, has been very successful. He must be pronounced entirely guiltless of the possession of any ideas but his own. His readers have, perhaps, reason to regret that he has not been less conscientious.

"One," and, so far as we know, one only, "additional ray of light" has been shed by Mr. Chadwick, in his 464 pages, on the biography of De Foe. That it is really light, and that Mr. Chadwick is not raying forth hypothetical darkness in this solitary and insignificant instance, we are not perfectly sure, but for reasons which will appear, he may be in the right, and he shall have the benefit of the doubt. De Foe, as our readers may remember, at one epoch of his changeful and versatile career, embarked in a tile-yard concern at Tilbury. Poor Daniel failed, and lost 3,000*l.* by the speculation. It has been vaguely known that "Dutch competition" had something to do with the failure. Mr. Chadwick undertakes to explain the matter thoroughly. "The Dutch," he says, "could stiffen or weaken their clay at pleasure, by the introduction of sand or marl; but De Foe's company would probably take the Thames silt at Tilbury, and look to nothing but saving coals in the burning, by mixing the clay with coal-ashes or small cinders, which would make the tiles very porous, and so not fitted for turning the wet." Important, if true. In De Foe's "Short and Easy Method with the Dissenters," Mr. Chadwick can see "no wit," and takes it to be a serious piece. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Mr. Chadwick blunders when irony is in question, but possibly he may be right about tiles. He never wrote ironically, but he has actually made tiles. "I have been a tile-maker myself," he says, "and almost as successful as De Foe, but the Dutch did not ruin my trade. I have surrounding my tilery ten thousand acres of rich land wanting draining, and I sell in one year as many tiles as will drain seventy or eighty acres. I make three hundred thousand draining tiles, and I may be three years in selling them. I have been in trade fifteen years, and I have made one return; and what is it? A fixed impression that Parliament should appoint a commission for

inquiring into the state of landed property in England." Mr. Chadwick is clearly of opinion that there is nothing like tiles. Otherwise, we might be surprised that so staunch an admirer of the Anti-Corn-law League and believer in political economy should not have been furnished, by fifteen years' experience, with the "fixed impression" that the supply of tiles ought to be kept proportionate to the demand for them. But perhaps in making the statement he has an eye to business, and uses Daniel De Foe to advertise to the public that the accumulated tiles of many years' manufacture are to be had, at a considerable reduction, at "Arksey, near Doncaster."

This is a specimen of the "Remarks, digressive and discursive," of which Mr. Chadwick thinks with such fondness that he announces them in his title-page as a principal item in his bill of fare. It is a mild specimen, for in some of them Mr. Chadwick advocates universal suffrage, and disproves Queen Victoria's hereditary right to the throne of these realms. It is but fair, however, to Mr. Chadwick, to add that he denounces the ballot, in lieu of which he proposes that "bribery and intimidation, by treating or persecution, be rendered FELONY," that is in ordinary cases; in extraordinary, he recommends "as a punishment for bribery or intimidation for men high in place in this world's smiles, stripping in Palace-yard, Westminster, and tying to a cart-tail and flogging down the Strand to Temple-bar." O "W. B."! O shade of Augustus Stafford! Mr. Chadwick informs us that although new to book-making, he has been "a political writer for thirty years." Far be it from us, especially in these columns, to contest his opinions, but one little piece of much-needed information we shall give him before we part from him—"one additional ray of light." The "Privy Council scheme of education," which he denounces in four out of every five of his "Remarks, digressive and discursive," is not in the very least amenable to his constant reproach of being "a second Church of England establishment, created out of the taxes, in order to strengthen the patronage of the executive power, according to its imaginary requirements, from the healthy growth of Protestant Dissentism." On the contrary, its principle is one of perfect fairness to all alike; it has been attacked as latitudinarian, but it was reserved for Mr. Chadwick to call it exclusive or partial.

JOURNEYS TO AND FRO.

Notes of a Clerical Furlough, Spent chiefly in the Holy Land; with a Sketch of the Voyage out in the Yacht "St. Ursula." By ROBERT BUCHANAN, D.D. London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh: Blackie and Son. 1 vol. pp. 437.

Life in Tuscany. By MABEL SHARMAN CRAWFORD. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1 vol. pp. 337.

Fankwei, or the "San Jacinto" in the Seas of India, China, and Japan. By WILLIAM MAXWELL WOOD, M.D., U.S.N. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. 1 vol. pp. 545.

WITHOUT PRETENDING to assign to each of these travellers his or her place among Sterne's categories, we may safely say that a great variety of taste will be gratified by the entertaining and instructive matter to be found in the pages of the books now before us. The first upon the list is perhaps the least promising, so far as the subject is concerned; for it must be confessed that the Holy Land has (with reverence be it spoken) been well nigh "done to death," and the voyage across the Bay of Biscay, past Gibraltar, and so on to Malta and Alexandria, does not promise much of novelty to the practised reader of books of travel. Without going very far back with our bibliographical researches, has not Mediterranean life and the upper-crust of Oriental society been pretty well laid bare by that potent dissector, the author of the "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo"? Has not "Eöthen," too, conveyed us over the same water and the same ground to introduce us somewhat irreverently to the fleas of Galilee and the beggars of Siloam? Have we not Barclay and his "City of the Great King," and Bartlett, to whom the former is unconfessingly indebted? Have we not the Frenchman De Sauley, and Mr. Murray's very perfect "Hand-book for Syria and Palestine"? Finally, have not innumerable American travellers made separate and independent discoveries of the continent of Europe, the Mediterranean Sea, the Holy Land, and Jerusalem; each one, apparently, in the happiest and utmost ignorance of the labours of the other, and each one describing the same scenes and the same events in almost the same words, with a unanimity almost miraculous? And yet we are not ungrateful to Dr. Buchanan for his "Clerical Furlough." Difficult as it may be of belief, he has positively contrived to give a freshness and almost a new interest to these familiar scenes. And yet not so difficult of belief when it is explained that this traveller is evidently a man of no common amount of accomplishments and no common order of mind; for who knows not that it is one of the grandest qualities of intellect to shed a new, a glorious, and yet a truthful light upon everything which it shines upon?

Dr. Buchanan's account of how he came to take this journey is, that in Spring, 1857, he needed change of scene; whereupon his friend, Mr. Tennent, of Wellpark, opportunely presented himself and offered berths in his good yacht, the *St. Ursula*, to the worthy Doctor, his wife, and son. This was a chance not to be slighted, especially as the Doctor had long been haunted by that ambition, so common to the clerical mind, to visit the Holy City in person, and examine the sacred localities, Bible in hand. Some chapters are occupied with the account of the voyage out. Hard weather had to

be encountered, the Bay of Biscay to be weathered, Gibraltar and Malta to be visited, and so by way of Alexandria and Cairo, the party found itself in Judea. We do not intend to track them step by step through this interesting journey, which occupied something less than three months. Of course Dr. Buchanan saw everything, and has recorded his impressions and opinions regarding the same. The evidence as to the authenticity of the localities in the Holy City are sifted, Holy Writ and Josephus in hand, and by their aid conclusions satisfactory, to the traveller at least, are arrived at. It will be enough for our present purpose to select one or two specimens of Dr. Buchanan's style, and to recommend his volume to all future travellers in Palestine, as we can do very heartily and very sincerely as an agreeable, portable, and very useful companion to the drier "Hand-book" of Mr. Murray.

In the following passage, Dr. Buchanan eloquently recalls the memories suggested to the Christian by the sight of Mount Moriah:

Three thousand years ago, when sacred story first lifted the curtain from off this hill of Moriah, it was untouched by the hand of art. Even then there had long been a citadel on the adjoining height of Zion, but this lower eminence was still unoccupied, save by the rustic "threshing-floor" of Ornan, the Jebusite. On that threshing-floor, within a hundred yards of where we are now sitting, the destroying angel was arrested when coming up to execute the Divine vengeance against the city of David. The first spectacle which authentic history discloses to our view upon Mount Moriah is that memorable scene in which King David, humbled under a sense of his sin in vaingloriously numbering the people, is seen hastening to the spot where Divine mercy had thus interposed in behalf of his people and himself—buying it from Ornan, and erecting on it an altar to the one living and true God. Twenty or thirty years thereafter the curtain rises again, and how changed is Moriah now. The rugged hill-top has been levelled and enlarged—it is walled in on every side—a magnificent temple covers the former threshing-floor—the spacious courts around are thronged with a mighty multitude. Princes are there, and priests; and in the midst of them is Solomon, the king. Victims bleed and altars blaze; in solemn procession the ark of the covenant of the Lord, framed 400 years before at the foot of Sinai, is carried into the most holy place—the innermost shrine of that stately sanctuary. Clad in white robes, 120 priests are standing at the eastern gate of the temple, in that very inclosure on which we are now looking down. The Levites, too, are there with their cymbals, and psalteries, and harps. And as the master of the song give the word, and the storm of music bursts, and Olivet on the one hand, and Zion on the other, ring and re-echo with the joyful sound issuing from ten thousand tongues—"Praise the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever"—suddenly the glory of the Lord fills the house of the Lord. A thousand years pass away and the curtain rises once more, and Moriah is still crowned, as in Solomon's days, with the temple of God. It had seen, indeed, within that period many vicissitudes, and for one long interval it had lain in ruins. But it has recently recovered much, if not all, of its original splendour. Herod, the king, has lavished on it all the resources of ample wealth, and cultivated taste, and regal power; and though its spiritual glory has long been on the decline, its courts are as crowded as before—its sacrifices are still slain, and its altars still burn—and now there is one greater than Solomon on His way to visit it. Already the rejoicing multitude that attend Him are rounding the shoulder of the Mount of Olives, and their hosannahs to the Son of David are rolling like the sound of distant thunder across the deep valley of Jehoshaphat, to tell that her King is coming unto Zion. There, right over against us in that wall that overhangs the valley, and in the midst of those noble columns that still mark the spot, stood the golden gate by which, on that solemn occasion, the Son of God entered to claim and to assert His authority over His Father's house—a house designed for prayer, but which ungodly men were turning into a den of thieves. One other view of Mount Moriah, connected with these times of its ancient history, has yet to come up before us. The men among whom Christ appeared could not abide the day of His coming. They would not have "this man to reign over them." They rejected the Holy one and the just, and consummated their impiety by consigning Him to an ignominious death; and thereby drew down upon their temple, their city, and themselves, the tremendous retribution that rests upon their nation, even until now. What a sight did Moriah exhibit when that day of retribution came! The temple wrapped in flames—its courts flowing ankle-deep with human blood—the victorious legions of Rome planting their idolatrous standards, "the abomination that maketh desolate," within the precincts of that once holy ground; while over all this Mount Moriah, inscribed in characters which, to this hour, he who runs may read, was written, as if with the avenging finger of the Almighty—"Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory is departed." From that memorable day Jerusalem has been trodden down of the Gentiles. It is now nearly twelve hundred years since the followers of the false prophet reared that stupendous mosque on the site of the temple of the true God. And all the while, with the brief exception of less than a century, during which the Crusaders ruled in the city the religion of Mohammed has been dominant upon Mount Moriah.

Many times has the description of the Dead Sea been attempted by travellers, yet not often so successfully as in the following striking picture:

Looking down from the height above, it seemed little more than a mile to the point on the shore near the centre of the plain, where we designed to approach the lake, and yet it cost us a full hour's steady riding to reach it. When within about half a mile of the beach, we came to some pools and streams of brackish water that issue from hot springs, and around which the thickets of the tamarisk were so dense as to form a complete jungle. To our great delight the song of small birds came ringing out from the heart of these thickets, breaking the otherwise oppressive silence of that dreary place with their cheerful notes. It is now, however, sufficiently known that the tales that were wont to be told about poisonous exhalations rising from the Dead Sea, and proving fatal to any living creature that haunted its shores, are altogether groundless. Crows and pigeons are frequently observed flying across it, and aquatic birds are occasionally seen swimming in its waters. One's first feeling, indeed, on gaining the beach and looking out on the vast expanse of its rippling waves dancing brightly in the sun, and reflecting the glorious blue of the cloudless heavens, is one of surprise at finding so little to distinguish it from any other lake or sea. There can be no doubt, however, that much of the pleasing impression thus produced is due to the fact, that after riding for hours beneath a broiling sky and over a burning soil, the very sight of water affords an enjoyment of the intensest kind. It is necessary only to stand for a little by the side of that sea, and to contemplate the depressing loneliness and desolation that reign around, in order to realise the character that truly belongs to it. Not one solitary skiff sails that sea—not one solitary fish swims in its waters—not one solitary human habitation, as far as the eye or telescope can range, can be

descried within sight of its shores—no sustenance for either beast or man, neither grass nor grain does the sterile region by which it is encircled yield. And yet this is the very region that was once the paradise of the land. Truly "Sodom and Gomorrah and the cities about them . . . are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." And yet sterile and dreary as is even this northern end of the lake, the aspect of the country around its southern shore is more repulsive still. It is, therefore, literally "all the plain," from the one extremity to the other, which God has overthrown.

Dr. Buchanan's book is well supplied with maps and charts, which add in no inconsiderable degree to its utility.

Miss Crawford, the daughter of the late Member for Rochdale, is the authoress of the agreeable volume, entitled, "Life in Tuscany." With commendable modesty, she disclaims the intention of attempting to dissertate upon the historical associations of Italy; or the exhaustless treasures of its art—subjects which too frequently attract the whole attention of travellers utterly incompetent to deal with them, to the exclusion of topics upon which they may possibly deserve to be listened to with respect. Avoiding these, however, Miss Crawford deals only with what she is very well competent to describe—the surface of modern Italian society. Her book may be read, therefore, with interest and with profit by those who wish to understand the phenomenon of Italy's degradation, and to whom it is not easily accountable how a people once celebrated for all that was manly in human nature and refined in art, should have fallen into such a state as almost to deserve Napoleon's taunt, that out of eighteen millions he had with difficulty found two men. The following analysis of the youth of Italy is severe, though, we fear, only too just:

"Love, music, and poetry is the life of an Italian," exclaimed, one day in my presence, a young Florentine gentleman. Unfortunately for Italy, the observation was too true: Italian youths, epicureans in theory and practice, too often fritter away their time and energies in pursuit of mere enjoyment; and too often, through the means of a vicious career of self-indulgence, their natural capacity for good is well nigh extinguished, if not wholly destroyed. Early in life the frivolous tone of Italian society exerts its enervating influence over the youthful mind. Few are the youths belonging to the upper and middle classes of society in Italy who resolutely set themselves to achieve an honourable independence. Clinging to their kindred for support, necessity alone drives them to exercise their energies for the purpose of acquiring the means of subsistence. The idlers can be counted by tens, the workers by units. The tone of thought which ruled society in Tuscany in the days of the Medici is extinguished utterly; for industry now is looked upon as vulgar, and idleness as genteel. The lad of fifteen apes the man—apes him in the levities, and too often the vices of his career: the youth of twenty is thoroughly a man of the world, intimately acquainted with the world's worst features. Frivolities become the serious duties of his existence: he sings—he dances—he flirts, as if life were given him for no higher aims and occupation. So long as he finds the means to buy light kid gloves, attend the opera, and pay his *café* bills, he lives on, contented with his position: his future troubles him not so long as his present wears an agreeable aspect. "*Vive la bagatelle*," is his cry: "life is short, let us enjoy it whilst we may;" and, acting upon this creed, youth vanishes in a round of folly—in a whirl of excitement, that cannot but be as destructive to the moral principle as it is inimical to the development of all the higher faculties of the mind. But whilst thus characterising the youth of Italy as a class, it would be unfair to deny that there exist many exceptions to this rule. Doubtless, amongst the young men of Italy there are to be found many to whom patriotism supplies a motive to exertion and an object in which they worthily invest their sympathies.

Nor is her account of the morality of Italian women less unsparing:

If it were not a sorrowful spectacle, it might well excite a smile to see the subservient public homage paid by Italian women to the conventional regulations of decorum, while flagrantly contravening in their daily life its essential principle. The same lady who would shrink from the impropriety of travelling five miles alone, will not scruple to prove false to a wife's highest duties. Sharing with men in an epicurean tone of thought and feeling, every womanly virtue is sacrificed at the shrine of pleasure. In the social life of Italy vice presents itself to the sight under a veil too thin to hide from the least observant eye its offensive features. The drawing-rooms of the upper classes of the land, particularly in Tuscany, are filled with faithless wives and false husbands. So flagrant and wide-spread is the evil, that sin wears no blush, nor seeks a mask to screen it. An English lady, who had entered much into Italian society, told me that she was often shocked at the confidences which married ladies would force upon her; and when she told her husband that she must really give up acquaintance with such persons, he answered quite truly, that to act consistently, she must then give up Italian society altogether. For Signora A—and Signora B—were not one whit worse than other ladies; frankness and unreserve constituting the only difference between them. Few are the Italian girls who, on first entering as matrons into the dissipated circles of Italian society, escape its baneful influences. How indeed, under the circumstances, could it be otherwise? The whole training of the Italian girl tends to render her a slave to impulse and a prey to temptation. Marrying, most likely at her parents' bidding, a man she does not love, and with her mind in all probability already half corrupted by the conversation she has heard in the drawing-room of her mother, she follows readily in the train of the ladies she sees around. To resist the contagion of example, to make a stand for right in the midst of a crowd of worshippers of wrong, requires strength of mind; and strength of mind springs not from the mockery of education that Italian ladies receive—learning to dance, to sing, to conjugate French verbs, and to play the piano. From empty minds, and idle hands, evil naturally ensues. To fill up the void of life, recourse is had to the excitement of rivalry, of coquetry, to indulgence in gossip and tattling. Each lady appears to try to excuse her own proceedings to her conscience and to the world by making out that the conduct of her acquaintances is still worse. The light literature of France, which constitutes her only study, tends further to her mental and moral degradation; its pages attiring vice in the most seductive and fascinating garb. Finding their value estimated solely by the standard of good looks, dress becomes to Italian women in all classes of society an absorbing passion. The chief part of the existence of the *Marchesa* or *Contessa* is employed in the pleasing labours of the toilette; and the maid-of-all-work will not hesitate to lay out half her miserable earnings on a light pink silk bonnet. A young peasant-girl ingeniously confessed to me that she thought perfect happiness would be her lot were she only possessed of a silk dress and gold chain like mine. In short, were a woman to be judged universally by the moral and mental attributes she exhibits in Italy at the present day, the opinion might reasonably be entertained that she was a being low in the scale of intelligence, requiring perpetual tutelage, and unfit to be endowed with the prerogatives of self-guidance and self-government.

The chapter on "Religion," showing the effect of priestcraft upon the manners and morals of the people is by no means the least worthy of perusal in this excellent volume.

"Fankwei" is a Chinese word signifying "White devil," an appellation which the Celestials, with no great politeness, apply to all Europeans and Americans, and which Dr. Maxwell Wood, late Surgeon of the Fleet to the United States East India Squadron, is pleased to take upon himself. Dr. Wood has all the shrewdness and apparently all the inquisitiveness of a pattern American traveller. We beg pardon, "traveler," for that is the way in which the Transatlantic lexicographers have decided it shall be spelt. That there is much in his volume that may offend the fastidious by its vulgarity, we do not doubt; but we are quite sure that no one can run through its pages without reading much to please and interest him. A few random quotations will serve very well to show what sort of an observer this gentleman is, among scenes which have indeed been very often described before. Here, for example, is a humorous and fanciful sketch of the kind of account which a Siamese gentleman would be likely to give of the Europeans and their costume:

I could imagine a Siamese going home and relating his experience of a visit to our ship. I can see him take a seat on his cool mat, surrounded by his large family, and say, "It is wonderful that a people who have acquired so much skill in building ships, and make so many useful instruments, should yet be so stupid and benighted in many of the usages which make life comfortable; and I am not surprised that they desire association with us, to learn some of our wise customs." The old gentleman now stops for breath, and makes a sign to one of the females sitting around him. She handed him an elegantly wrought golden box, tinted with reddish hues. Looking at it for a moment before he opened it, he said, "Among their rich presents, I have seen nothing equal our skill in gold, or to equal the elegance of this box." Opening it he took from it a pawn, of which it contained several. The pawn is a globe of green fresh leaf, containing the betel-nut preparation. They are prepared by the females, and deposited all ready in the betel-nut box. "Instead," continued the old gentleman, "of this bracing nut, mingled with fragrant spices, and tinging the mouth vermilion, they fill their mouths with the poison tobacco-plant, made more black and disgusting by some mode of preparation. It makes the saliva flow from their mouths in dark yellow streams; and all about their rooms they have small vessels to catch the offensive fluid and to receive the black remains of the tobacco, whose juices have been pressed out by their teeth. These, in their very harsh language are called quids."—"Horrible beasts!" exclaimed Ronta, the ebony-teethed and pinky-lipped favourite wife. "They have no idea," said the old gentleman, "of the use of garments. Instead of dressing themselves for comfort, decency, and cleanliness, they envelop all parts of the person, those which show its symmetry and health, in close, heavy garments, hiding all blemishes, and retaining the moisture of the skin about it instead of allowing them to be swept away by the free atmosphere, or washed away by the free and daily bathing which we use."—"How," asked Ronta, "do they manage such filthy arrangements?"—"It was a great mystery to me, but I was very particular to inquire, and wrote it all down on a piece of paper." He took the golden box, turning up the pawns; in the bottom were several folds of paper, from which he read as follows: "First, they draw on the feet two long cotton bags, pressing the toes together; over this they draw a long cotton garment, which ties with strings around the lower part of the legs, and shuts them up in two tight bags, keeping the blood up in the legs until the veins almost burst."—"Terrible!" breathed out the listeners, with rapt attention. "Then," went on the narrator, "They draw over this a long woollen garment, which, with thick folds, comes up around the middle of the body, and fastens with heavy straps and buckles across the shoulders. Before putting over these straps, they take a light loose cotton jacket, which would be almost as pleasant as our own if they permitted it to hang loosely, but they tuck it in tightly round their hot and constrained bodies, and over this they fasten a gloomy, dark-coloured woollen garment, covering them from the hips to the hands in its close folds.

There is, of course, a great deal about the diplomatic *pros* and *cons*, resulting from the American expedition to Siam. This, however, we pass over, seeing that it has all been very thoroughly explained to the world upon more than one occasion. For the present we shall content ourselves with passing on to Dr. Wood's peep at Japan, and from that we shall select, as the most most novel and interesting feature, his description of the "Goyosho," or market, at Simoda, for the sale of the far-famed Japan lacquer-work:

The "Goyosho" was built on the edge of a canal, walled with hewn stone, on one side of the town. It consisted of a range of one-storeyed wooden buildings, inclosing a hollow square, filled in with loose, small-sized pebble-stones. The front of the establishment was occupied as a town-hall, or rooms for the transaction of public business, and opened upon a yard similarly paved with loose pebble-stones, and shut in by gates from the street. The entrance to the commercial part of the establishment was on one side; and, immediately at the right hand, upon entering, was a small room for the porter or gatekeeper, messenger, guard, or whatever he might be. On the left hand was a much larger room, with broad lounges covered with matting, for the mid-day repose of those visiting the bazaar. At the entrance to this room sat a vessel of drinking-water, with a new smooth white pine cover, over which lay a wooden dipper, and alongside of it several small porcelain cups. The remainder of three sides of the "Goyosho" were shops entirely open in front of the court-yard, and filled with the finest lacquer-work of Japan. It was ranged along the open front side of the shops, and piled away at the back on shelves to the roof, with a convenient aisle or avenue between the front and back collection. The articles consisted of black and gold, black and inlaid scarlet maroon, gilded and inlaid boxes and cabinets of various shapes and sizes, in value from fifty cents, to two hundred dollars. Lacquered cups, bowls, and waiters, of various sizes, shapes, and colours; maroon, scarlet, green and gold predominating. There was also a small collection of silks and of porcelain. . . . Up to the last day of our stay in Simoda, a lively excitement of purchasing Japanese lacquer-ware was kept up; almost every boat-load of officers on leave made their way to the "Goyosho," and every returning boat was piled with boxes, the result of their bargains, while in the evening our apartment was brilliant in the exhibition and comparison of the results of the day's work. . . . The mode of transacting business was as follows: every article in the shops, was labelled with two labels, upon which the price was written in Japanese and in our own figures. No payments were made to the person from whom the article was purchased. The purchaser wrote his name upon the parcel, and the shop-tender then tore off the labels, and pasted one

firmly upon the parcel, the other was taken possession of by a secretary, who made a record of the transaction in a book. The purchaser and the free label were then sent to the office, where the purchaser, when he had completed his business in the shops, or at any time, was informed of the aggregate of his account, and upon making payment, received his articles, which, if of sufficient bulk, were sent by attendant porters to the landing.

We commend this triad of books of travel to all who are fond of that kind of reading, and glad we are to know, by the inevitable test of regular supply indicating regular demand, that the taste for this kind of reading is on the increase. May that tendency continue. Of all trains of inquiry none is more healthy and improving than that which increases our knowledge of men and manners. Books of travel enlarge the mental horizon to an extent second only to the actual experience of travel itself; for next to seeing foreign lands, and mixing with foreign nations, surely the next best thing is to read intelligent accounts of them. The writers of such books do, therefore, great benefit to those whose lot it is, by choice or necessity, to "live at home at ease;" and few can deserve better at our hands than the three travellers from whose volumes we now regretfully turn, Dr. Buchanan, Miss Crawford, and Dr. Maxwell Wood.

NOVELS AND FICTIONS.

Life's Foreshadowings: a Novel. London: Hurst and Blackett. 3 vols. pp. 926.

The Miser Lord: a Sequel to "Frank Beresford." By Capt. H. CURLING. London: C. J. Skeet. 1 vol. pp. 352.

The Dean, or the Popular Preacher: a Tale. By BERKELEY AIKEN. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co. 3 vols. pp. 828.

Reuben Sterling: a Tale of Scottish Life. By SAMUEL ALFRED COX. London: T. C. Newby. 3 vols. pp. 816.

Old and Young. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1 vol. pp. 354.

Kitford: a Village Tale. London: Longmans. 1 vol. pp. 355.

Hollywood Hall, a Tale of 1715. By JAMES GRANT. London: Routledge. 1 vol. pp. 467.

Lost and Won. By GEORGINA M. CRAIK. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1 vol. pp. 296.

False and True. By the Hon. LENA EDEN. London: L. Booth. 1 vol. pp. 310.

Mildred Norman, the Nazarene. By a Working Man. London: Longmans. 1 vol. pp. 268.

IT IS A MATTER FOR SINCERE REGRET with us that the very immensity of this pile of novels prevents us from dwelling as we fain would do upon the merits and deficiencies of them all. To some, indeed, the only criticism properly applicable might be reduced into the briefest form of words possible; but for the most part we may safely say that not for many years have so many works of fiction possessing partial, but not less undoubted merit appeared at the same time. Whether it is that the stirring nature of the times has opened up fresh springs of originality and character, or that a sense begins to be generally felt that it is time that the old worn-out marionettes of the novelist were laid aside, and some new puppets manufactured, we cannot undertake to pronounce. Of this, however, we are certain, that fresh artistic pictures, drawn in lively colours and with true touches from Nature herself, original observation, a good style, and sterling sense, are now qualities less exceptional in three-volume novels than they have been in times not very far remote.

The first work upon our list, "*Life's Foreshadowings*" is, for example, a strange, weird tale; yet perfectly original, and for aught we can say, true to nature. Infinite are the aberrations of the human mind; and we should be loth to pronounce it an impossibility that the pangs of disappointed love might not sap a strong intellect to its foundation, and without driving it into absolute madness, affect it with weakness and decrepitude, until, fed and strengthened by a reciprocated affection, it once more regained its pristine vigour. The author of this tale declares in the preface that the interest depends more upon the analysis of mental peculiarities than upon "mere plot or stirring incident," and refers to Abernethy on "*The Analysis of Melancholy*" for cases similar to those shadowed forth in this story. And yet the tale has to the full quite as much of plot and stirring incident as usually falls to the lot of a modern novel. We question, indeed, whether the most *friand* taste for highly spiced adventure and melo-dramatic effects would desire anything more exciting than the scene in which Christie Roach threatens the life of Annie Brandon. We should perhaps have liked the story better had the rehabilitation of Roach been managed without dragging in the well-known incident of Mr. Adams's discovery of the planet Neptune, precedent to and independent of the discovery of Leverrier. Surely the author does not pretend that any analogy can be drawn between that eminent young astronomer and the poor, drivelling fellow who is here represented as guessing at the existence of a planet and yet unable, from mental deficiency, to work out a sum in algebra? Another grave defect in the story in our opinion lies in bestowing Annie Brandon upon such a wretched creature as Mr. Pierce Henderson—a hard, cold, unfeeling, unfilial, and selfish man, on the author's own showing; an egotist to the last, and as unworthy of the love of any honest woman as he was unable to win the respect of any honest man. And yet, with all these drawbacks, "*Life's Foreshadowings*" is a deeply interesting novel, and will outlive the season upon the shelves of the circulating libraries. That there is an occasional flash of electric genius far brighter than what

usually illumines the pages of fashionable novels, we need but quote such a passage as this to prove:

What is the greatest tragedy ever penned or voiced by genius—Lear's piteous delirium, Othello's passion and remorse—compared to that mute tragedy—a vacant chair at home, or the bumble of a dead infant.

The next title on our list is Captain Curling's "*Miser Lord*," and upon this our verdict must be brief. "*Frank Beresford*," to which this is avowedly a sequel, had the merit of being amusing because in it Captain Curling mainly confined himself to those scenes and subjects in which he is evidently most *au fait*—namely, barrack-life and behind the scenes of a theatre. In the present volume he has attempted higher flights—aiming at social criticism and the redress of a variety of grievances. In this, he has utterly failed. He has not, however, deserted his favourite topic entirely; and a few pages here and there consequently relieve the baldness of the rest. Is it not, however, drawing too heavily upon the novelist's licence to outrage probability, when we find a peer of the realm postponing his claims to wealth and rank that he may benefit a company of strolling players by vagabondising in their company and playing for their benefit? The error under which Captain Curling appears to be labouring is that he has mistaken a very modified success for a positive triumph, and has grown careless and venturesome upon the strength of it. Let him take our word for it, that it needs much cultivation and constant watchfulness to train his very wild fancy and loose style into even good novel-writing of the ephemeral sort.

"*The Dean, or the Popular Preacher*," is not destitute of dramatic power, and, the style is facile and readable. Its author is evidently an admirer, and, to some extent, a disciple of Mr. Kingsley, to whom this, his second venture in novel-writing, is dedicated. The story upon which it is based is a strange one. An Irish youth of modest station begins life with a crime. He robs a family of a sum of money and escapes to England. Here he contrives to use his strong natural talents to apparently better purpose. He obtains a good education, enters the church, and eventually rises into distinction as a popular preacher. The moral throughout is that the original Adam remains unpurified in spite of the assumption of a new character, even though that be a dignified and sacred one. There has been no true repentance, no humiliation, no restitution; consequently the sleek and eloquent Dean is no better than the thievish lad. This lesson is skillfully elaborated into the story, and the book will be found well worth reading.

It needs no great amount of critical acumen to discover that "*Reuben Sterling*" is but another name for Robert Burns. During the latter part of Béranger's life certain ingenious playwrights conceived the idea of dramatising his songs, and the skill which they exhibited in extracting very good plots out of ballads was highly creditable to their ingenuity. A bolder idea has seized Mr. Cox, and that is to write a novel about Burns, introducing not only the known incidents of his life, but of most of his songs and poems. It is only just to say that this is very fairly executed, and that although nothing particularly new is to be found in these pages, the book will pass muster for a very agreeable novel. Undoubtedly the best part of the story is that which endeavours to give a picture of life in Edinburgh in Burns's time, and the passages contrasting those days with the present are not without some truth. "We had not yet learned," says Mr. Cox, "to deify cleverness at the expense of genius, or to supply by caricature the deficiencies of imagination. The art of carrying on a profitable trade by the monthly distillation of a work of fiction was then undiscovered. There were no Comic Histories or Comic Grammars to make the reading public ashamed of educating themselves." We are afraid, however, that in the details of Edinburgh life Mr. Cox is not so accurate as he might have been. The troop of mendicants who supplied Burns with his materials for the "*Jolly Beggars*," was not, that we are aware of, called the "*Forty-twas*." That appellation belonged, if we are not mistaken, to quite another institution.

The author of "*Old and Young*" suggests somewhere in his volume a capital remedy for novel-reading—"try and write one." We do not intend to make use of the obvious and commonplace application of this by suggesting that this very story is the author's own experiment of this nostrum; for, if it be a first attempt (as we have every reason to believe it to be), this is very far from a bad novel. Still, we cannot forbear quoting the advice, for the purpose of recommending it to all inveterate novel-readers. By the qualified praise which we have suggested to be due to the author of "*Old and Young*," we do not mean to insinuate that he has done anything particularly new. The story is, indeed, cut out upon a very old pattern. Horace Clifden, the handsome youth, with a good heart, fine talents, and a plentiful stock of wild oats, who wastes his college time, goes home to make love to a pretty girl, whom, after a great many adventures and disappointments, rivals, Indian episodes, and the like, he marries—this is a character as old as the Minerva Press, and worn somewhat threadbare by this time. Still, the author writes (to use a now hackneyed phrase) "like a scholar and a gentleman"—gleams of a good education peeping out through threadbare story and too often ragged style. The character of Camden Lyde is finely drawn. If the author of "*Old and Young*" do not meantime find something better to do, let him try again.

The preface of "*Kitford*," informs us that it was "not originally intended for publication," and it is not satisfactorily explained how that reticence came to be abandoned. It is a tale of village life, very much after the manner of Mrs. Gaskell, with a strong evangelical

colouring overlying all. The author (or authoress, as we suspect), declares that "Mr. Clackett and his daughter are intended to exemplify the folly of looking to happiness in mere worldly consequence;" but the lesson might have been more strongly enforced had their pretensions been unaccompanied by vulgarity and weakness. Any one can understand why coarse and silly people cannot get into good society, without attributing it to the want of true religion. "Kitford" may be pronounced to be not altogether a failure for a first attempt; but we see little reason to do otherwise than regret that the original intention not to publish was departed from.

What shall be said of "Hollywood Hall;" but that it is a tale in Mr. Grant's own style; a tale of daring adventure and of history dramatised—of Whigs and Jacobites—of the severities of the House of Hanover, and of the misfortunes suffered by the adherents of the exiled Stuarts. Such it undoubtedly is, and all who love that pattern of tale (and they are many) will not fail to seek this as a companion for an idle hour. It will amuse them, and, we trust, not make them worse subjects of the reigning member of the House of Guelph.

Miss Craik's effort is not very aspiring, and one reward is that she has accomplished what she has attempted—a carefully painted, affecting little picture. No character is new, for every novel-reader has met with Guy and Frankland Graham, and Hope, and the romantic Hildred, a hundred times before. What then? These characters are well and truthfully drawn; the incidents which befall them are natural, the feelings which they develop are human, and the tears spring none the less unbidden to the eyes when Frankland folds his Effie to his arms because we remember several couples of young people who have ended their romantic career in precisely the same situation. Miss Craik is a pleasant writer, and if rather commonplace, at least commonplace in a graceful manner.

The Honourable Lena Eden, whose former work, "Easton and its Inhabitants," was almost universally pronounced to give promise of better things, has made a decided advance in "False and True." *False* is, naturally enough, a handsome young aristocrat, who designs to cast the net of his fascinations around a beautiful but penniless maiden; whilst *True* is the patient and well-doing knight who has earned his title to her hand. Happily the young lady discovers the difference between the true metal and the counterfeit before it is too late, and rewards *Virtue* with her hand, whilst *Vice* is left to the terrible retribution of a vulgar wife, whom he has married for her money. The characters of Abbé St. Maur, Louis Delorme, and Dudley Harcourt, are finely drawn; and indeed all the others have a distinctness that almost leads us to suppose that they are taken from life. The plot, moreover, is constructed with much dramatic skill, and, altogether, "False and True" may be pronounced to be, if not in the first, at least in the second rank of the season's novels.

The last on our list is what is termed "a religious novel," but the characters are, both confessedly and apparently, taken from the life. To what class of "Working Men" the author really belongs, we cannot pretend to decide; the style of writing is, however, sufficient to stamp him as one of the educated classes of them. The characters are drawn, as the author himself confesses, "from the lower strata of society, from that which has been called the *mud* of London life;" and the main object is to show the good which religion works amid the temptations to which "that class of life" is subject. True religion, working even in the humblest ranks, and perhaps most of all when working in those ranks, cannot produce other than the greatest and most beneficial results when operating through a life of earnest, active benevolence. The moral of all to be derived is that it is more important *how* a man spends his life than *where* he spends it.

And now we must turn from the novels and fictions of the season for a while. Enough remain upon our table to furnish food for observations at least as lengthy as those in which we have indulged; but these we must postpone until next week. Meanwhile, let us cry the mercy of the reader should anything wild or incoherent be discoverable in these notes. Let us have pity rather than condemnation; remembering that they have been written after a fairly conscientious perusal of nearly five thousand pages of contemporary fiction!

A BATCH OF POETS.

Poems. By JAMES LOCKHART. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

The Flirting Page, a Legend of Normandy; and other Poems. By CHARLES DRAINFIELD and GEORGE DENHAM HALIFAX. London: James Blackwood.

Lorin, and other Poems. By GEORGE T. COSTER. London: Kent and Co.

Songs for the Suffering. By THOMAS DAVIS, M.A., Incumbent of Roundhay, Yorkshire. London: Parker and Son.

POETRY HAS A CLAIM on the consideration of mankind notwithstanding that Pascal and other matter-of-fact men, have questioned its utility. It would be folly to deny its usefulness because its use is not so self-evident as that of the electric telegraph or the steam-engine. In regard to civilisation it is easier to define the position of science than the position of poetry. We have no desire to place Professor Faraday and Alfred Tennyson at opposite points and play them off as foils in this question. For the rich, much more than for the poor, science has opened ampler fields of luxury and a more rapid transmission of thought. And what has poetry done? It has ennobled labour; it has often decked with a pearl which princes cannot

buy the honest brow of poverty. Every name which forth from the loom or the plough rises to take rank among the bards of Great Britain is another evidence of the universality of poetry. It lessens the gulf between social distinctions; it proves that fantasy and the raptures of the ideal descend on all classes of God's creatures even as the sunshine falls alike on the palace and the cottage. James Lockhart, a peasant, living, we believe, in the neighbourhood of Swansea, has published a small volume of poems which we notice with honest commendation. The author has had little opportunity for mental culture, yet his poems have a completeness and a quiet beauty which we often look for in vain in bards who command a more elevated social position. He abounds in pictures of lovely simplicity, and he has the good sense to let his fancy play only around the objects which come within his daily observation. The following will give our meaning and at the same time show the artistic excellence of the bard:

At sundown when I clomb the steep,
The hunter's shout afar was borne;
'Twas autumn, and the air was sweet
With fragrance of the ripening corn.

I lingered till the dark of night,
When winds were sleeping in the tree,
And heard, reclining on the height,
The muffled moaning of the sea.

The harvest moon rose in the west;
Above the earth she seem'd to stand—
A precious jewel in the crest
Of some untrodden mountain land.

I looked, lost in a waking dream,
Beyond a plain of gathered sheaves;
I saw the chapel by the stream—
The white spire glimmering through
the leaves.

Encouragement ought to be given to James Lockhart, which can best be done by the purchase of his little work, which is sufficiently cheap to come within the reach of every artisan. It is not only for Mr. Lockhart that we are speaking now, but he represents a class of men whom it is too much the fashion to consider dead to beauty and to the refinement of intellect. We always approach with genuine respect that mind which can strike poetry out of the hard reality of manual labour. Such a mind is not the least among human civilisers, and it is with gratification that we can place James Lockhart by the side of John Harris, the Cornish miner.

"The Flirting Page, a Legend of Normandy; and other Poems," are joint productions. The two poets have shared nearly equal proportions of the labour and the pleasure of composition. As to merit the two poets vary but little, but the character of the poems varies considerably. "The Flirting Page," somewhat after the manner of Ingoldsby, is a legend excessively rollicking and funny. The best term, perhaps, to apply to it, is *clever*. The rhymes turn up in all kinds of ludicrous positions, and while you are smiling over these, and culling, perhaps, a trope as you would pick a flower, you are suddenly made aware of the presence of a satire grotesquely darting its fiery and quivering sting. This legend will certainly amuse the reader, and so much the better if it instruct him as well. We have had many examples of humour and pathos in the same individual—Hood is probably the most illustrious instance—and we have another case before us. The author of "The Flirting Page," has shown some exquisite touches of tenderness. In "The Old Parlour," and "Passed Away," the man speaks through the poet. Part the Second in the volume also contains poetry very much above the common order, so that the joint authors have catered for the amusement as well as for the elevation of their readers.

"Lorin, and other Poems," by George T. Coster, show the poetic faculty unmistakably. Mr. Coster is essentially a descriptive poet, and some glimpses which he has shown of Nature in her moments of beauty or terror may bear comparison with Carrington. His main fault is being too ornate. He paints too much with words to rise into stern and kingly grandeur. Doubtless it is difficult in composition to sail between the two extremes of baldness and adornment. A judicious use of adjectives goes far to make the "golden mean." Now it is precisely the excessive use of adjectives which vitiates Mr. Coster's style, and wears the ear of the reader. He scorns the simple idea of using nouns, unless he can smother us with their qualities. We may take any accidental passage to prove this, and here is the first we alight upon:

In a deep mist of doubt—a doubt of all,
Its early mountain dreams of dashing tides,
Of open oceans, and shore-shouldering seas.
O'er the dim river's fringed bank the ash
Shook her long tresses, stunted willows rear'd
Their tufted foliage, and the poplar stood
In lonely pride apart.

This which sounds like stateliness, is really not so; since the drape is too freely used to show the natural play and action of the limbs. Let Mr. Coster only take our advice, and we do not hesitate to say that his next poem may place him among the ranks of our best descriptive poets.

"Songs for the Suffering," by Thomas Davis, M.A., are brief poems founded on certain texts of Scripture. In a truly Christian spirit these poems were composed, for they are expressly adapted to console the reader under every kind of trial. This object is so praiseworthy that if the verses were commonplace—which they are not—we could hardly feel a desire to condemn. Every ray of sunshine poured upon a mourner's path, whether through the instrumentality of verse or prose, should be too sacred for the critic's sneer. And it is precisely that these verses embody cheerfulness—that, dealing with sorrows, they yet strive to lift the soul above them, that we treat them with all becoming respect. Mainly paraphrastic as are some of these verses, we have no inducement to praise their literary merits—for the author does not appear to aim at distinction in this way—but our course should be to allow their design to be their passport to the

reader's presence. The Rev. Mr. Davis has, we think, taken a sensible view of the position in which he stands to the afflicted. He is eminently a consoler, as a Christian minister should always be. What has there ever been gained by driving the soul back into despair? Therefore it is that we heartily sympathise with the Rev. Mr. Davis when he says:

The world but little cares, I ween,
To hear the minstrel's tuneful moan:
Enough, men think, to bear the spleen
That is their own.

They love far more to hear a lay
Which speaks not of another's cares;
But with sweet music charms away,
Or tempers theirs.

Scenes from the Snow Fields; being Illustrations of the Upper Ice-world of Mount Blanc, from Sketches made on the Spot in the years 1855, '56, '57, '58, with Historical and Descriptive Remarks, and a Comparison of the Chamounix and St. Gervais Routes. By EDMUND T. COLEMAN. Printed in Chromolithography by Vincent Brooks. (Longman and Co.)—The above work is the result of several ascents to and up Mont Blanc by a man distinguished for his great powers of physical endurance, untiring energy, and unremitting intensity of purpose; one whose love of the picturesque, beautiful, and grand, has made "the tops of mountains inaccessible" his haunts. The views which illustrate this work consist of a series of twelve, all more or less characterised by an intimate knowledge of the singularities of ice-formation, and a subtle perception of the delicate gradations of snow detail, in proof of which we would refer our readers especially to the plates 2, 3, 4, and 9. The twilight scenes from the "Grand Mulets," and the sunrise from the Grand Plateau, are invested with a desolate wildness and solemn grandeur sufficient to prove the presence of a poetical sympathy and feeling of no common mind or ordinary artistic capacity. Mr. Coleman now having opened new ground may, with greater study and closer attention to rock-formation, secure to himself a pre-eminence as an illustrator and demonstrator of the peculiar phenomena belonging to Alpine scenery. We cannot dismiss this splendid book without a word of special praise to Mr. Vincent Brooks for the perfect manner in which his part of the work has been executed.

Crime and Government at Hong-Kong. By T. CHISHOLM ANSTHEY, Esq., late her Majesty's Attorney-General for Hong-Kong. (London: Effingham Wilson.) pp. 115.—Mr. Chisholm Anstey is what may be called an uncomfortable man, by which we mean a man afflicted with an uncomfortable habit of speaking the truth, of inquiring into the secret motives of all matters brought within his cognisance, and of loudly and obstinately reporting the faith that is in him. These were his distinctive characteristics what time he and Mr. Urquhart ruffled the equanimity of Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons, and what time the *Times* newspaper (in the interest of the noble lord) found it expedient to persuade the people of England that Messrs. Urquhart and Anstey were a pair of dullards, whose speeches had no other effect than to put the House of Commons to sleep. That Mr. Anstey, at least, was no dullard is obvious enough from the fact that the Government thought it worth while to silence him with the sop of a good place. We have always wondered at Mr. Anstey's simplicity at accepting this. He should have feared the Greeks even when bringing presents, and not have allowed their precious balms to break his head. That, however, was his own business; he accepted and—colonial jobbery has done that which ministerial and leading-journalistic power could not effect, it has overthrown Mr. Anstey. He returns displaced from his office, and that will be enough for nine-tenths of the uninquiring folk of this generation. He publishes this pamphlet to explain the why and the wherefore; and we hope, for his sake, that it will be read widely, and have all the effect he hopes for. Let us ask him, however, whether he has probed quite deep enough for the cause of his disgrace. Apparently, it seems to be a kind of difference with a person named Caldwell, who adds to his other good qualities that of being Government licenser of brothels at Hong Kong. To think that there should be such an office in the China Seas, while St. Pancras vestrymen are passing resolutions respecting the state of Norton-street! Our advice to Mr. Anstey, however, must be brief and to the purpose. Let him not hope to arouse the public to any deep sympathy with his wrongs in China. The *locus* is too far; the evidence not attainable; sympathy decreases proportionately to space. Let Mr. Anstey regard his Hong Kong experiences as a parenthesis in his career, and forget it as a mistake, further than as it supplies him with new materials for action. Let him go into Parliament once more; once more give the *Times* occasion to scoff at him; and once more inspire Lord Palmerston with a wish—this time impotent—to silence him.

Ghosts and Family Legends. By Mrs. Crowe. (T. C. Newby.) pp. 339.—Though somewhat late in the day, we must record a word of praise for this readable volume. It would be too much to say that it is up to the level of the "Night Side of Nature," nor is it put forward as being so. It is simply a collection of those marvellous tales of "ghosts," second-sight, and other similarly mysterious revelations, the traditions, if not the actual experience, of which are to be found in every family. Who has not had, at some period of his or her life, some dream which has been realised to the letter? some warning or unaccountable apprehension which has been singularly verified? Or, if haply some have escaped such experiences, have they not happened to some friend in whose truthfulness implicit reliance may be placed? It is of such matters that this volume is made up, and such is the inclination of our nature towards the marvellous, that we doubt not that its contents will be acceptable to most. The sceptic may flatly deny the possibility of these events, and may strive to disprove them by what he is pleased to consider the laws of nature; the cautious man may hold them in that state of suspension which is best expressed by the Scotch verdict, "not proven;" yet even these will read, and even these will feel interested.

Communings upon Daily Texts; tending to a Life of Practical Holiness. (Sudbury: Henry Pratt. London: S. Low and Son.) pp. 420.—The author of these Communings may or may not belong to the clerical profession, but we gather from these pages sufficient to make us believe that he is a good and thoughtful man; not, perhaps, sufficiently well read in theology to know a new idea from an old one. In his prefatory note he tells us that he has been "accustomed to select for daily meditation one

of the texts in a small publication well known by the title of 'Daily Bread,' and he has endeavoured to expound them for his own spiritual improvement." We repeat that as evidence of the author's piety and sincerity, these pages are commendable.

Annual of Scientific Discovery, or Year-book of Facts in Science and Art for 1859. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS, M.A. pp. 410. (London: Trübner and Co.)—The purpose of this most useful volume is to exhibit the most important discoveries and improvements in mechanics, the useful arts, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, geology, zoology, botany, mineralogy, meteorology, geography, &c., together with notes on the progress of science during the year 1858; a list of recent scientific publication, obituaries of eminent scientific men, and other matters too numerous to be mentioned. It is probable that the first idea of this volume arose from the well-known omnium-gatherums of Mr. Timbs; be that as it may, the idea is certainly improved upon. The volume opens with a carefully digested and well-written summary of notes by the editor, on the progress of science during the year 1858. To this follows the facts and discoveries of the year, arranged under distinct heads, such as, Mechanics and the Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemical Science, Geology, Botany, Zoology, Astronomy, and Meteorology. The Obituary and List of important Works conclude the volume.

Brief Essays. By CLARA WALBEY. pp. 77. (Hertford: Stephen Austin.)—Two series of sensible lectures upon subjects of general interest, the products of a thoughtful and well-balanced mind. Coming, as these do, from the printing-press of Mr. Austin, they recommend themselves as much to the eye as the matter itself does to the sense.

We have also received the first six parts of *Beeton's Dictionary of Useful Information*. (S. O. Beeton.)—It may perhaps be objected to this compilation, which is to be completed in twenty-four monthly parts, that it is printed in somewhat too small type. It is cheap, however, and there is the additional advantage offered, that those who obtain subscribers may have a gold or silver watch, pencil case, or other prize, according to the number obtained. To give any further information as to this notable scheme would savour too much of an advertisement.—*Germany and Italy.* Second enlarged edition. (Hardwicke.)—*That's It, or Plain Teaching.* By the Author of "The Reason Why." Division I. (Houlston and Wright.)—The first instalment of another very useful book for the inquisitive; very well put together, and so plentifully furnished with illustrations, that upwards of two hundred and sixty engravings are to be found in the ninety-six pages of which this section is composed.—*Meliora*, for April (Partridge), contains a readable article on the "Literature of Labour," whereby is meant the literature which has come from labourers, e. g., Burns, Bunyan, Burritt. There is also a laudatory article of "The Life of Douglas Jerrold," by his son; and an essay on the works, and to the memory, of the Rev. John Clay, the "Old Gaol Chaplain."—*The Class-book of Poetry.* (The National Society's Depository.) pp. 170.—A new edition of a well-selected collection of poetry for the use of classes, with illustrative notes.—*Pictures of the Heavens.* (J. and C. Mozley.) pp. 163.—The second edition of a very beautiful and useful volume.—*The Julia.* (Simpkin and Marshall.) pp. 303.—A pleasant little tale, by the author of "Nellie of Truro," added to the Run and Read Library.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM PITT.—In the obituary of last week was recorded the death of Mr. John Burfield, of Deal, formerly gardener, aged 88 years. In early life he had in this capacity lived at Walmer Castle, during its occupancy by Mr. Pitt, then Prime Minister, of whom the old man would relate many interesting anecdotes. On being admitted to the household he was apprised that his bedroom was situated so that he would probably be disturbed by the sounds sometimes to be heard from his master's chamber, of which he soon had audible proof. During the silent hours of darkness the great man would rise from his repose, and, pacing his room, appear to be delivering a speech in the most impassioned manner, his preparation, in all probability of a coming conflict in Parliament. The gardens at the rear of the castle were at this time newly laid out, Mr. Pitt taking much interest in the alteration, and giving personal directions; but in the midst of these he would become absent, walking to and fro for some time in silence, and then (as one roused from a reverie) resume his superintendence, inquiring what he had last planned. During such intervals Burfield never ventured to disturb his master by an inquiry. Trivial as are these incidents, they show that the highest position and the most extended influence cannot be enjoyed without vast and all-absorbing cares. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and not less so his who administers the affairs of a great empire.—*Kent Herald.*

MR. MORPHY, THE CHESSPLAYER.—This gentleman arrived in London a few days ago from Paris, en route for his native city, New Orleans, via Liverpool. On Tuesday week he played at the London Club, Cornhill, and in the evening at Herr Lowenthal's new Chess Club, St. James's Hall. A match was hastily made up for Wednesday, and came off at the London Club, Morphy contending blindfold, against eight members of the club, eight games simultaneously. This remarkable feat of genius he had before accomplished twice in Europe, but the two eights of Birmingham and Paris were both very inferior to the eight of the London Club who played against Morphy on the present occasion, and his task was proportionately increased in difficulty. At five p.m. on Wednesday the following eight players were at their post, as champions for the club: The president, Mr. Mongredien; Mr. Medley, honorary secretary; Messrs. Slous, George Walker, Jansen, Maude, Alfred Jones, and Greenaway; and Morphy, in a separate room, began his solitary task by proclaiming, through Herr Lowenthal, that he opened with king's pawn two in each game. A crowd of anxious spectators and chess celebrities were present. Lowenthal proclaimed the players' moves aloud, as made, and Morphy instantly called out his reply. To every two boards was appointed a secretary to take down the moves. After six hours' play Mr. Alfred Jones and Mr. Maude were defeated; while of the remaining six two, at least, had forced drawn games. At past midnight the play was still proceeding on three or four boards, and then, by consent, these last games were dismissed as drawn, the contest having lasted over seven hours. Of the three undecided games at the close Mr. Morphy considered he had the advantage of Mr. Mongredien; but Messrs. Slous and Greenaway had the best of the play. The match concluded by Morphy being declared to have won two games and drawn six. Mr. Morphy considers this the toughest match he ever played of this description. Throughout this long sitting he never made one mistake, never proclaimed an impossible move, and never forgot the situation of the humblest pawn. It may be safely pronounced that no greater mental feat was ever accomplished by man. On Thursday last the members of the London Club entertained Mr. Morphy at dinner at Greenwich, the chair being occupied by their president, Mr. A. Mongredien. It is probable that Mr. Morphy will leave this country for America early next week.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC IN PARIS.

M. ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE is no longer numbered with the living. Many of your readers must already be aware of the fact; but living at a distance from the country which he served with his talents, and whose literature he enriched by his genius, they may not know the profound regret which the tidings of his decease caused in every literary and political circle in France and Belgium. Born at Verneuil, in July, 1805, he had not completed his fifty-fourth year. His end was peaceful. Up to within a day or two of his death he continued to occupy himself on the second volume of his work, "On the Political and Administrative State of France prior to the Revolution." On his mother's side, M. de Tocqueville was descended from Malesherbes. He was educated as a lawyer, and at an early age held some judicial appointment. In 1839 he was elected a deputy and held a seat in the Assembly until 1848. In June, 1849, he was charged with the portfolio of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. As a publicist, and as a parliamentarian, he always had the esteem of his countrymen for his disinterestedness, his high character, and the purity of his patriotism. But to Englishmen he is better known as a political writer. In 1834 he was charged along with M. G. Beaumont to proceed to the United States, to inquire into the nature and working of the penitentiary system in that country. On his return in 1835, he published his two volumes, "Democracy in America," and there are many who must recollect the enthusiastic reception these volumes had in England. On his visit to England he was not vulgarly fêted, but there was scarcely any literary or political circle in London where he was not received with welcome and respect. It is three-and-twenty years ago nearly when we were thrown into his way by circumstances; and we have still a clear recollection of his person, his thoughtful expression of countenance, his penetrating glance, his gentle and encouraging address. We had to admire his hard-working qualities, and had rather to smart by them. In other words, we had to assist him in his "diggings" into our ponderous blue-books. He laboured like a Trojan in his statistical and political inquiries, and though we had long been familiar with the literature of Parliament-street and Stamford-street, and thought we knew something of reports, returns, papers, estimates, &c., in some respects he was our instructor. His literary labours are too well known and appreciated to require any commendation at our hands. As a member of the French Academy, and of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, it would be difficult to find a man in France, at present, to fill his place worthily.

It has been repeated, until every one must be weary of the repetition, that the French are a military people. They themselves know the fact; Versailles attests it. They are proud of their past achievements, and have reason to be so; and they dwell upon them with a perseverance and pertinacity which we peaceful islanders have some difficulty in comprehending. The annals of the French army are certainly replete with interest. Victory and defeat, the one and the other, are instructive in the highest degree. A work which in some degree interests the people of Ireland and Scotland in reference to the French army, is from the pen of M. E. Feiffé, in two volumes, "Histoire des troupes étrangères au service de France depuis leur origine jusqu'à nos jours." It would appear from this work that, from the earliest days, even in the days of Charlemagne, France had to avail herself of the services of foreign auxiliaries. During the unsettled period of the monarchy, mercenaries were engaged by the sovereigns of France to aid them against foreign foes, or the belligerent spirit of their own nobles. It was not, however, until the fifteenth century that regular battalions were formed of Italians, Swiss, and Scotch, and squadrons of German reiters and lansquenets. Spaniards were frequently hired, and even Greeks, who had the custom of carrying the heads of their enemies at their saddle-bows. The historian asserts that the Scotch showed the greatest devotion to the interests of their foreign masters, and after the Scotch the Swiss. It was at Pavia, under Francis I., where the Swiss gave the first proofs of their prowess and devotion. Where they fought on that occasion the ground was literally strewn with their corpses, and Francis could not help exclaiming, "Ah, if all my soldiers had done their duty like these strangers, the fate of the day would have been different!" Some half a century afterwards, when Charles IX. escaped from the snare laid by the Huguenots to seize him on his journey from Meaux to Paris, the young prince exclaimed, "After God, it is to the Swiss and the Duke of Nemours that I owe my kingdom!" Again, in the reign of Louis XIV.—a reign of war and waste—the Swiss rendered important services to France. There is an anecdote to the effect that a young courtier, wishing to depreciate the Swiss in the presence of the Grand Monarch, observed to one of his ministers: "With the money the Swiss have drawn from France they might construct a road of gold from Paris to Basle." "This may be true, Sire," observed the minister; "but with the blood the Swiss have shed for France they might fill a canal from Basle to Paris." The Swiss defended the French monarchy to the last, and the terrible day of the 10th of August, 1792, will for ever attest that even the despised hireling may be capable of the most extraordinary fidelity and devotion.

The armies of Louis XIV. were composed of the most heterogeneous materials. The conscription did not supply Frenchmen enough to engage in his wars. He availed himself of the services of Irish, Scotch, Flemings, Walloons, Danes, Swedes, Hungarians, Croats, Poles, and Corsicans. At a subsequent period we find Turks, Tartars, and even negroes, joined with Germans and Swiss, under the standard of France. Great Britain contributed captains of renown to France—among others Robert Stuart (Sire d'Aubigny), De Thomond, and Marshal Berwick, the son of a king, whose heroic end was envied by Villars. There is much in these volumes which will interest our countrymen. It will be found, that if the Swiss were stolid and devoted, there was not to be found in Christendom a set of dare-devils and mad-brains overflowing with chivalry, equal to the Irish and Scotch to be found serving in the ranks of the armies of old France. As in the middle ages, younger sons of noble families of Ireland and Scotland were sent to the University of Paris, to be instructed in philosophy; so in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries especially, they were sent to France to be instructed in the art of war, and to earn, if that was possible, an honest penny.

Some French writer has expressed the benevolent wish—

Dieu vous accorde des poètes,
Et vous préserve des rimeurs!

—God grant you poets, and preserve you from rhymesters! We really fear that the rhymesters are at present in the majority. Every day brings forth a new one. The occupation is innocent enough; but the importunity of these people is also vexatious enough. They say broadly or tacitly, Examine my verses, and admire them. There is an injunction laid upon the critic, and if he is honest and plain-spoken, he is a brute. The egoism, or vanity, or self-satisfaction of the French is beyond all praise. Not a bit of concealment or hypocrisy is there about it. None of your English shrinking bashfulness is here. This one does not hesitate to proclaim himself an artist; this young girl believes her dramatic gifts unrivalled; this student, who has just "made" his law or divinity, can write a sonnet against all new comers. What can you say? It is a fact, of which I have evidence in my pocket, that an artist does not scruple to write a eulogistic criticism on his own performances, and because he believes you are connected with the press he sends it to you, hoping that you will give currency to it. But to return. There really are true poets here as elsewhere. We believe, for example, that the muse still lives in Provence. The beautiful *langue d'Oc*, which has claimed for it by its admirers energy and sweetness, flexibility and richness of tone; with the conciseness and correctness of the Greek and the Latin upon which it is founded, is still, after the lapse of ages, a living language, and the vehicle of many poetical compositions which delight the people, and command the admiration of those who have made the language their study. The language, though spoken in France, is known but to very few Frenchmen. It is a language, and not a *patois*, unless a *patois* must be defined as the language of a minority in any given country. It has its grammar; its syntax and prosody, and even its orthography, differ very slightly from what they were in the days of the minstrels. The last emanation from the pen of a Provençal bard, is the "Mireio" of M. Frédéric Mistral. The key to the poem is simple enough; but only a student of the language can appreciate the idyllic beauties to which he is admitted. Mireio is a young and fascinating girl, of warm Southern blood, the daughter of a more than well-to-do farmer. And because she is young and beautiful, and moreover an heiress, she is wooed by all the gay and wealthy sparks of her neighbourhood. But her heart is her own, and into this heart she admits the living image of a poor, but enthusiastic, noble-hearted, and handsome young man, Vincent, the basket-maker of Vallabrègue. She loves him with a passion almost without bounds, and he, in his turn, is ready to lay down his life for Mireio. Their marriage is impossible. Vincent is poor, and the family of the young girl is rich, exacting, inflexible. Her brain "is warped and wrung," her peace is broken. She flies from the paternal roof to find a cure for her malady from the relics of the Saintes-Maries. She reaches the spot, the two islands on the delta of the Rhone, and touches the precious relics; but the Saints claim her for themselves and bear her to heaven. She dies, however, in the arms of her beloved Vincent. To great knowledge of the Provençal we make no pretension; but those who are well versed in it proclaim M. Mistral a true poet, and claim for his verses originality, firmness of style, and a richness of colouring, which had he written in French would have secured to him a wider popularity.

Piron, we believe, had some notoriety as a poet in the last century. M. Honoré Bonhomme has published a volume of his remains—"Œuvres inédites de Piron." This is a collection of prose and verse. His correspondence with the Mlles. Quinault and De Bar, is, perhaps, the most entertaining portion of the volume, as it gives us no small insight into French literary and political society in the eighteenth century. The correspondence is followed by poems transcribed from the original manuscripts.

The Paris press at this moment occupies itself chiefly with the Congress which is to be, and the *Salon* which is. The latter was

opened on the 15th inst., without noise or ceremony, or if there was noise it arose from the constant flapping of the blinds, agitated by the gale, almost storm, which raged without. Criticism would lead you, on the one hand, to believe that the exposition is below the average, and on the other, to believe that it is very creditable as a whole. The whole of the northern gallery of the Palais de l'Industrie, divided into fourteen departments, or *salons*, is occupied by oil-paintings. The remaining *salons* are filled with water-colours, miniatures, medallions, engravings, lithographs, architectural drawings, and busts in marble, clay, and terra-cotta. The basement is laid out as a horticultural exhibition, and for the exposition of statuary, not the least attractive feature in the building. The pictures are all well hung; at least, no complaints have been heard on this point. Every canvas may be seen without bodily exertion. The numbers to the pictures were not yesterday all attached to the frames, and occasionally a little difficulty may be experienced by the visitor who provides himself with a catalogue in this respect. On Sunday—a free day—the Palace was crowded; and the interest the French take in works of art was decidedly marked. The remarks of the men in blouses were often as just and profound as criticisms as anything that comes from the pen of M. Gautier—not quite so polished, perhaps.

PORTUGUESE LITERATURE.

Alguns Frutos da Leitura e da Experiencia, offerecidos á mocida de Portuguezas. Por JOSE SILVESTRE RIBEIRO. Tom. II. Lisboa: Imprensa Nacional. pp. 334.

Primeiros Traços d'uma Resenha da Litteratura Portugueza. Por JOSE SILVESTRE RIBEIRO. Tom. I. Lisboa: Imprensa Nacional. pp. 323.

Dante e a Divina Comedia. Por JOSE SILVESTRE RIBEIRO. Tom. I. Lisboa: Imprensa Nacional. pp. 328.

THERE IS A SENSE in which the famous interrogatory "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" may be put with pertinence, and rarely admits of any but an affirmative reply. It is hardly possible that any extraordinary literary excellence should be developed in a small town. Not that the inhabitants of such have been in the first instance less felicitously constituted in a mental point of view than their neighbours, but the absence of liberal culture, of noble excitements, of the habitual contact with higher natures, tends to dwarf the powers while it limits the aspirations of the soul. Acquainted only by hearsay with the stirring events and lofty ambitions of the great world, forced to continually mix himself up with transactions to which elevated principles are inapplicable, and in which anything like fine feeling would be misplaced, the provincial naturally measures the world by the only standard he knows, and regards its highest interests in the spirit of a common councillor or a select vestryman. This narrowness is destructive of the very possibility of high literary excellence, which demands as its first conditions warmth of feeling and an ideal transcending the author's powers of execution. Let but these be present, and Emily Brontë shall tell us whether the rusticity and ignorance of life, usually considered the most insuperable impediments to a provincial success, really present the smallest bar to the attainment of consummate excellence. On the other hand, the gradual descent of Mr. Bailey from aspirations only too audacious to downright twaddle and mere commonplace, strikingly illustrates the manner in which undoubted talent may become, as it were, entirely decomposed and disintegrated in the atmosphere of a provincial town.

What a small town is to a country, a small country is to the world. Its interests, its pleasures, the passions that agitate it, cannot but be of a petty and local character, and so long as it remains isolated from its neighbours and absorbed in the insignificant round of these, all the characteristics of its national existence will inevitably be minted off on the same poor pattern. If, however, intercourse with its more powerful neighbours lead to the adoption of their modes of thought, and the imitation of their literary and artistic models, the sentiment of independent nationality runs a risk of being effaced altogether. Each of these evil estates has been Portugal's. During last century the country was sunk in apathy and sloth, without higher political interests than the profligate intrigues of a priest-ridden Court, or any intellectual sympathies with the rest of Europe. Now that this lethargy has been dispelled, and serious attempts are being made to diffuse knowledge and refinement among the people, it is found that all stores of this description must needs be imported from abroad, and that the almost exhausted spirit of nationality is utterly unable to assimilate these to her own constitution, or impregnate them with that peculiar aroma of thought which is the distinctive and inimitable birthright of every people. Consequently most of the Portuguese literature of the present day reads like a translation from the French; a certain *naïveté*, too, attends its expression, which is not the amiable *naïveté* of ignorance, but of half-knowledge. We cannot be surprised at the solemnity with which modern Portuguese writers enunciate mere truisms and commonplaces, considering that these are by no means such to them or their countrymen. Yet the effect is singular; it is like hearing a big boy, after having been admitted to the privilege of a walk with the schoolmaster, giving his schoolfellows the benefit of what he has heard and half-understood on the occasion.

All the characteristics are exemplified in Senhor Ribeiro's books—

books which we nevertheless do not hesitate to characterise as highly creditable to their author. There is a certain narrowness of view, timidity of thought, and propensity to dress up truisms in the guise of important discoveries, inseparable probably from the necessity of addressing a public whose interests and excitements are all of a petty description, and whose tastes follow the leading of the foreigner. But in the earnestness of Senhor Ribeiro's quest after knowledge and wisdom, in the zeal with which his views are enforced, and the deep sincerity of his patriotism, we read an augury that it will not always be thus. The determination to progress is half of progress itself, and cravings once stimulated may safely be trusted to work out their own fulfilment. When Portugal once more possesses a national literature and an indigenous tone of thought, it is to be hoped she will not forget those who, like Senhor Ribeiro, have used the one talent committed to them with the fidelity that deserves and obtains a more liberal trust. It will have been gathered from the tone of these remarks that these publications are more noticeable for the reflections they suggest than their intrinsic qualities. It is to the "Frutos" that our observations chiefly apply—the interest of the literary history is merely local. The sensible and erudite comment on Dante is principally noteworthy as the first ever written in Portugal.

THE NAPOLEON CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondance de Napoléon I., &c. (Correspondence of Napoleon I. Published by command of the Emperor Napoleon III.) Vol. II. Paris: Henri Plon and Co. 1859.

THE DATES of this new volume of the Napoleon Correspondence reach from the 22nd of September, 1796, only to the 19th of April, 1797. Yet how full is the brief intervening period of decisive effort, military, political, and diplomatic, of varied glory and triumph to the young soldier and statesman of twenty-six. Thrice did Austria, beaten but not vanquished, crippled but not exhausted, send forth mighty armies during those seven months to dispute with the French the supremacy of Italy. Thrice, in signal engagements, not to speak of a crowd of minor victories, was Austria worsted, until within apparently easy reach of her capital, Napoleon settled at Leoben the preliminaries of peace. Arcola and Rivoli, which belong to this period, were among the most hotly contested of all Napoleon's many victories. The affair of the Tagliamento, which permitted Napoleon and his conquering legions to enter Carinthia, was a victory of the first class in its results. Those seven months witnessed, moreover, the surrender of Mantua, the defeat of the Papal army, followed by the treaty of Tolentino, the establishment of the Transpadane republic, and the formation of an alliance between the King of Sardinia and the French republic. Warrior, political organiser, diplomatist, Napoleon approved himself great in each capacity. Yet the letters and despatches of the second period of his Italian campaigns are not so interesting as those of the first. His communications to the Directory are more exclusively business-like, those to Carnot less warm and confidential, than in the former volume of correspondence which we noticed some months ago. Still, striking or notable passages do occur here and there in the crowd of letters and despatches written with objects very different from those of the aspirant to literary fame. Some light is thrown, moreover, on Napoleon's Italian policy, not as dreamed of afterwards at St. Helena, but as it rose spontaneous in his organising head amid the pressure of practical difficulty. Above all, if in the second volume, as in the first, the faults of his nature are clearly disclosed, so also are his virtues and good qualities scarcely ever clouded yet by ambition and selfishness. There may be, perhaps, a somewhat loftier tone in his letters to the Directory; and in his communications with the Emperor and the Pope there breathes the hint of a heightened sense of personal dignity. Yet, on the whole, the contents of this volume bear out the theory that, not until after the peace of Leoben, did the charlatan element in Napoleon's nature begin to master the heroic. In truth, it was not until the peace of Leoben that the conqueror felt secure of his conquests, the victor of his victories. The sagacity of Sir Walter Scott detected long ago what acquires additional confirmation from the present volume, that when Austria consented to treat, Napoleon was in a very critical position. In the struggle for a triumph that might be not only splendid, but permanent and secure, Napoleon could well forego the reveries of a Caesar-like ambition.

Those who know Napoleon only by the fanfaronnade of his later years will be surprised at the striking moderation of his policy, and on the whole, of his language, as revealed and published in these early volumes of correspondence. Six weeks before the battle of Arcola, we find the victor of Montenotte, Lodi, and Castiglione, addressing privately to the Emperor of Germany a pacificatory letter (now, so far as we know, published for the first time), and which begins with the assertion that "Europe wishes for peace. This disastrous war has lasted too long." Almost on the eve of the victory of Arcola itself he writes sadly to the Directory: "The brave who remain see death inevitable with such continual perils and forces so slender. Perhaps the hour of the gallant Augereau, of the intrepid Massena, of Berthier, perhaps my own is about to sound." Errors and miscalculations are frankly avowed in a way that contrasts strikingly with the assumed infallibility of later years. Addressing the Directory, after his entrance as a conqueror into the territory of Austria proper, he says naively of his antagonist, the Archduke Charles, and of himself: "Up to this time, Prince Charles

has manœuvred worse than Beaulieu and Wurmser. He has committed errors at every step; and some of them extremely gross ones. They have cost him a great deal, but they would have cost him more if the reputation which he enjoyed had not imposed upon me up to a certain point, and prevented me from convincing myself of certain errors supposed by me to be dictated by views which did not really exist." A candid avowal from a subordinate, and such Napoleon was, liable to be dismissed at any moment. Here is a note to General Clarke, written just after the battle of Arcola, while the writer was still exhausted by fatigue, and which surely wears the aspect of sincerity. It is scarcely credible that at such a moment and on such an errand, Napoleon would care to attitudinise or play the hypocrite:

Head Quarters, Verona, 29 Brumaire, Year V. [19 November, 1796.]

Your nephew, Elliott, was killed on the battle-field of Arcola. The young man had familiarised himself with arms; he has often marched at the head of columns; he would have been one day an estimable officer. He died gloriously and in face of the enemy; he had not a moment's suffering. What reasonable man would not envy such a death? Who, amid the vicissitudes of life, would not wish thus to quit a world so often contemptible? Who among us has not a hundred times regretted that he has not been thus withdrawn from the powerful effects of calumny, of envy, and of all the hateful passions which seem almost exclusively to direct the conduct of men?

Singular reflections of a youthful conqueror on the morrow of a "glorious victory!"

Some St. Helena after-thoughts of what Napoleon intended to do with Italy, have been recently resuscitated and commented on in a pamphlet which all the world has read or heard of. It is interesting to compare those imaginative musings with the policy dictated by the events and interests of the hour. "There are," he writes to the Directory on the 28th of December, 1796, "three parties in Lombardy: 1. That which allows itself to be led by the French. 2. That which desires freedom and even shows its desire with some importance. 3. The party friendly to the Austrians and hostile to the French. I sustain and encourage the first, I moderate the second, and I repress the third." How characteristic! Devotion to France is more laudable than devotion to liberty. A selfish, or rather an exclusively French policy towards Italy, Napoleon's showed itself all along during these early campaigns. The aspirations of Lombardy for liberty were repressed lest at a general peace France might have to restore Lombardy to Austria as the price of Belgium. In the preliminaries of Leoben, Romagna, Ferrara, and Bologna, after having

been flattered with hopes of French protection, were coolly handed over to the republic of Venice, which Napoleon himself declared to be "the most absurd and tyrannical of governments." In his reports to the Directory from time to time, on the dispositions, military and diplomatic, which he had taken towards conquered or humbled Italian States, and in his elaborate despatch on the articles of the peace of Leoben, there is not a syllable to justify the notion that, at this early stage of his career, Napoleon ever contemplated Italy as anything else than an appendage to France, and one which he was ready to sacrifice if a better bargain could be had elsewhere.

Of extractable matter there is very little in the present volume, even less than in its predecessor. From the despatch already referred to on the peace of Leoben, we may quote a passage not uninteresting in itself, and further indicative of the coolness and moderation of Napoleon's views at the threshold of his career. He is anticipating objections to the tolerably good terms given to Austria—objections which indeed were afterwards raised on the ground that final victory was within Napoleon's grasp, and that he might have dictated his own terms at Vienna. He says:

We must not conceal from ourselves that although our military position is brilliant, we did not dictate the conditions of peace. The court had evacuated Vienna. Prince Charles and his army were falling back on that of the Rhine. The people of Hungary and in all parts of the hereditary States were rising en masse, and even at this moment their vanguard is on our flanks. The Rhine was not passed. The Emperor only waited for this moment to quit Vienna, and place himself at the head of his army. If they had been foolish enough to wait for me, I would have beaten them. But they would always have fallen back before us, and, joining a portion of their army on the Rhine, would have overwhelmed me. Retreat would then have been difficult, and the loss of the army of Italy might have brought with it that of the republic. Therefore I had made up my mind to try to levy a contribution in the suburbs of Vienna and not to go a step farther. I find that I have not in all five thousand cavalry, and instead of the forty thousand men whom I asked you for, not twenty thousand have arrived. If, at the commencement of the campaign, I had made a point of going to Turin, I would never have passed the Po; if I had made a point of going to Rome, I would have lost Milan; if I had made a point of going to Vienna, perhaps I might have lost the Republic.

Sensible words, which it might have been well if he had remembered fifteen years later. Truly says Sir Walter Scott that "the catastrophe of Napoleon himself was a corollary of the doctrine which he now laid down; for, had he not insisted upon penetrating to Moscow, there is no judging how much longer he might have held the empire of France."

THE DRAMA, ART, MUSIC, SCIENCE, &c.

THE DRAMA.

THE REGULAR PERFORMANCES at the Theatres having ceased for a week, the Lord Chamberlain and his deputy have chosen to perform a farce of their own, which, however, like the general fun of the powerful, is fraught with mischief to some one. Without dipping too deeply into the ecclesiastical history of England, and without stopping to inquire whether Lord Chatham's statement as to the heterogeneity of our church is correct,—that we have a Calvinistic creed, a Popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy, it must be acknowledged that there are certain discrepancies in our ritual which the great Reformation did not completely clear up. The conservation of Lent was one of them. Very able theologians have each argued for the extremes of keeping or neglecting this period; and, as usual, a compromise was come to. For two centuries and a half the semblance of a severer mode of public life was kept up, and all public amusements were forbidden on Wednesday and Friday during Lent, and an entire cessation during Passion week. Gradually ecclesiastical domination has entirely ceased in this country, and every man has been left to act in these solely personal matters according to his conscience and the light that was in him. This liberty of conscience and action begot a very curious state of matters; for whilst the Dissenters, who set their faces in general against sports and pastimes on the Sabbath, and in total opposition to the theatres, considering the celebration of all times and seasons as savouring of idolatry and superstition, disregarded the sanctity of the Wednesdays and Fridays, the High Church party, who were always the stanch advocates of holidays and merry-making, insisted on this remnant of the Roman Catholic ritual being rigidly adhered to. Thus divided in opinion, a discrepancy arose, which was further embroiled by the creation of two separate powers in the State.

The great officers of the Crown, like the Crown itself, have paled their intense force before popular feeling and the advance of popular rights. The Lord High Chamberlain is still as respectfully approached, and is as imperious in his commands, as any minister of the Celestial Empire. He is supposed to be surrounded with kings-at-arms, and talks almost as barbarously as the Chinese about rouge dragons and other heraldic monsters. He is, however, shorn of his real power; but with a curious pertinacity he keeps his hold on the poor players, under the plea of their being the King's servants. It was indeed profanely asked by a wit in the time of Charles II., whether his Lordship's authority was more exercised over the female or the male players; but disregarding all satire, and the increasing power of the people, he has still contrived to keep his grasp of the theatre. He exercises a censorship on the theatrical press in a manner that rivals our Parisian friends' surveillance over political writing. It is difficult to say why the English people, so jealous of their press, permit this extraordinary piece of

despotism; but it is probably because they will only look on the theatre as a place of light amusement, and have some vague idea that extraordinary disorders would prevail if extraordinary coercion were not exercised over the volatile children of Thespis. The absurdity of such a notion is apparent; and, indeed, the conduct of the great Censor of Morals has always been so extraordinary that the theatres especially under his control for years grew to be so monstrous in their violation of public decorum, that the voice of the people, aided by a decent manager, put down what the great official and his minions never thought of noticing.

Matters so absurd might, perhaps, have crawled on unnoticed to the end of this century had not a freak of the licenser brought the matter to an earlier crisis. It is commonly expected that during the Passion week the public is to be intellectualised—that Mr. Adams is to show his "Orrery"—that Shakespearian and other readers are to have their little week—and that the hybrid performers, à la Woodin, who depict a company of twenty different characters, are to have their brief season. The managers of those theatres shut by the caprice of the authorities, naturally seek to get reimbursed for the week's rent and wages they have uselessly to outlay, and let their stages to such adventurous performers for a week. The proprietors or lessees of the Olympic and of Sadler's Wells severally made arrangements to this effect. Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, with their elegant drawing-room entertainment, were to appear at the former theatre; and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, with their equally harmless performance, were to have appeared at the latter. Suddenly Mr. Bodham Donne, the representative of the Chamberlain's office, issues a ukase, and the performances are stayed. The lessees of the Olympic meekly bow to the decree of the autocrat of public amusements, whilst the sturdier lessee of Sadler's Wells declares his resolution to disregard the tyrannical order. The Hampden of Islington, however, ultimately shrinks from his defiance, and, operated upon by some secret influence, writes to the papers that he too succumbs.

The alleged reason for this sudden exercise of authority is that these theatres exist by the licence of the Lord Chamberlain, and that the licence does not include Passion week. In vain previous permission or long non-interference is pleaded; in vain, the shortness of the notice. The inexorable and moral licenser, or rather his master, the Chamberlain, will allow no such profanation, and the lessees must lose their rent and the unlucky performers their expenses of preparation and advertising.

The fits of morality of governments are always eccentric and incomprehensible. The Chamberlain is certainly a part of the Government, and yet the Government in another and larger capacity permits every kind of amusement at the places licensed by the magistrates, and even in one case in a theatre. At the Royal Grecian Theatre, in the City-road, we find that the following highly intellectual

and pious performances take place during the Passion week: "The Corsair," a ballet; a conjuror of uncommon powers; Mr. Ross, who will sing his favourite comic songs, illustrative of many curious phases of lower life; the Spanish Minstrels, whose wandering propensities are not likely to have taught them any extraordinary respect for the sanctity of the week; to conclude with "A Dream of Venice," in which the visions that appear are not exactly those of angels, though they are very pretty and exciting. Of course, the regular theatrical performances elsewhere being suspended, the place is crammed; and the wicked audience, who find the doors of the most moral stage in London closed, naturally rush to the vivid performances of the tavern theatres. As it is at the Grecian, so it is at all the semi-theatres, dancing-rooms, show places, and casinos, licensed by the magistrates; and thus to the halfpennyworth of morality of the illustrious Chamberlain we have the monstrous quantity of sack of the licensing magistrates.

The whole thing is so preposterous that it might almost be imagined that the licenser had been induced to thus exercise his authority in order to ventilate the question, and so lead to the annihilation of the absurd separations of jurisdictions and authority; the utter abolition of the detested censorship; and the release of the theatres from a legislation, unjust, partial, and absurd. To this conclusion it must come; and most probably Mr. Duncombe, who heretofore so gallantly fought the battle of the oppressed theatricals, in the matter of the Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent, will step forward and complete his victory, by doing away with the narrow and imperfect conservation of Passion Week.

The fleeting performances of the week scarcely come under the head Drama; but the flood of next week will amply compensate for the deficiency of this. The two principal novelties are Mr. Talfourd's burlesque at the Haymarket, and a similar production by Messrs. Lemon and Brooks at the Adelphi.

ART AND ARTISTS.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

BEFORE WE ENTER CRITICALLY into the merits or demerits of the pictures composing this exhibition, let us once more give expression to our loudest reprehension against the utter want of consideration for the comfort and convenience of the visitors, and especially the members of the press, displayed by this associated body. The issue of cards of invitation to the press can but arise from one motive, namely, that the works exhibited may be criticised. Then, why not allow these gentlemen to enter a couple of hours before the fashionable *élite* are admitted, so that they may have time and space for observation without the danger of treading on "my Lady's farthingale," tumbling over forms and chairs, or being brought to a full stop by screens that serve no purpose but that of incumbence? In the present overgrown state of feminine array now in fashion, three ladies standing in a line form an "outwork" against further progression; and treading on a black skirt will too often bring a corresponding look sufficient to destroy the equanimity of the mildest-hearted critic, or dash the courage of the most fearless. We do hope the committee will take our suggestion into consideration.

We make it a rule to notice the "High Art," pictures first, because that term includes larger requirements both in the producer and the observer. In this class our attention is first of all aroused by (No. 53) "Cromwell viewing the Portrait of Charles I. with Mrs. Claypole remonstrating," by Louis Haghe; an incident scarcely, in fact, "historical," and certainly not novel in treatment. We hold this to be one of the very weakest productions of Mr. Haghe's brush that these walls have as yet exhibited; and were it not that our pain is in a great measure alleviated by the contemplation of his next work (No. 61), we should be sorrowful indeed at the rapid decadence it discloses, but "An Émeute at Louvain in the Olden Time," is a refreshing proof that his aptitude of discernment, and clear decisive handling remains (intermittently) as powerful as ever. Let us hope that they may once more become constant, and that the spasms of inefficiency may ere long cease altogether.

One of the two most pretentious works in the exhibition comes next,—"The Peri," by Henry Warren (No. 75). This gentleman seems to lack every qualification for the portrayal of this class of subject, save handling, and, to some extent, colour. We hold Tom Moore (though no doubt many a reader will disagree with us) to be a poet of but limited imagination, but of very large fancy. His muse too often descends to pruriency of suggestion, which renders it all the more necessary that the painter should be imbued with a larger sense of taste and discrimination that he may elevate the subjects chosen from that much-admired writer by combating sensuality with sensuousness. In no degree has Mr. Warren accomplished this, for his picture is meretricious in thought, theatrical in display, immature in that knowledge of form which is requisite to impress the sense of beauty, and so deficient in idealism as to be totally unable to suggest the poetic distinctions between a mean model "of the earth, earthy," and the refined form of a spiritual Peri. His background is a combination of Owen Jones, Sir Joseph Paxton, and William Beverley, and his costume (inclusive of slippers) may be hired for thirty shillings a night by any damsel desirous of going to the next *bal masqué* as a (Haymarket) Peri. This is really too bad. Mr. Warren is president of this society, and ought to know that his very position entitles the public to expect more from him than the mere elaboration of a work simply that it may look "smug upon the mart." There is nothing special in his other drawings, save the ambition of the title of (No. 233) "The Flight into Egypt;" so we pass on to—pardon us, good reader, if we break through the formula we have laid down, for the landscape we are about to speak of is truly admirable, of rare truth and masterly execution—a child sleeping among ferns and beneath trees at this time i' th' eve—

What does she sit so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?

We refer to the catalogue (No. 88) "Lost in the Woods," by Edmund G. Warren. Poor little soul! no, not lost, but "erred and strayed;" the

artist is only attempting to frighten us by his potent power; for, was he not there to witness the beautiful incident, to comfort and dry the poor, little, exhausted eyelids, and carry the wanderer back again home? We are sure of it. Well done, Mr. Warren, in every sense; you deserve praise. We give it you unreservedly, and only hope that, for our gratification, you have many more works here. Mr. Augustus Bouvier, in (No. 130) "A Sunny Corner, Tolosa," strongly reminds us of a quarter of a century past, when Charles Heath presided over art-publications in the way of engraving, and induced the artists to make all sorts of impossible beauties to tickle the palate of an effete taste. Happily that time is gone by, and we had hoped the production of such work was gone by too. But, no; ecce Mr. Bouvier! Well, all we can say is, that to us this artist's men look like women, and his women like—Dresden china. Out of Mr. Tidey's several works (No. 171), "The Feast of Roses," is decidedly the best, and proves a capacity for poetic sympathy that we were, judging by his other works, not prepared for. Still less prepared were we for the obvious mental paralysis exhibited by Mr. E. H. Corbould, in his picture (No. 212). In this illustration of some stanzas from Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," "the attempt, and not the deed, confounds;" for the subject is utterly beyond this artist's comprehension and apprehension. Let us for one moment contemplate the amount of reading and recollection that is necessarily required for a successful treatment of this difficult poetical thesis: the Bible, Homer, Shakspeare, and the History of England, all concentrated to one focus. Generalisation is a subtle engine to awaken remembrances, an all-potent key to open the portals of memory; but the instant the artist takes up the brush, he is bound down by a chain of material facts, and in historical painting not one link should be untested or neglected. Perhaps no man in that truly British art called water-colour has developed such unlimited resources in mere material as Mr. Corbould. As far as he can see, that can he accomplish; but his mental eye is essentially melodramatic in contradistinction to the wider element called tragic. He has no thought but it is clipped into a conventionality; his peasants are those of the Trianon, and his gods and heroines those of the stage. We appeal to this very picture as a remarkable example of what we mean. His other work, "Bold and Bashful," is more within his scope; but even here there is much neglect in attention to the osseous and muscular capacity of the Knight's frame (which is under armour, let it be recollected), and the other portions of the picture are more neglected than is his wont. Messrs. E. H. Wehnert and C. H. Weigall have both so declined that we absolutely failed to recognise them without the assistance of the catalogue.

And now we finish this notice of the figure pictures by drawing the attention of our readers to many pleasant works by Messrs. Tidey, W. Lee, and F. H. Mole. Messrs. Harrison Weir and Charles H. Weigall betray considerable powers of delineating animal life; though we prefer Mr. Weir in his use of the dry point on wood. Mr. Weigall's ornithological examples are nearly perfect in their way. Mr. S. Cook possesses a gentle and keen perception of sea-coast scenery. His distinctions of the action and difference of time and atmospheric influence on the same scene is admirably marked in the two drawings (Nos. 2 and 6), the one, "Close of Day," the other, "Early Summer Morning." All his drawings should be looked at, for all yield satisfaction and pleasure. This remark will equally apply to the works of both Mr. James G. Philip and Philip Mitchell, who delight in rendering the same class of subject, with meritorious handling and distinctive sense of colour. Messrs. Wm. Bennett, J. W. Whympier, and D. H. MacKewan hold their own with undiminished vigour. The picture of the first-named gentleman, entitled "In Hardwick Park, Derbyshire," is as good as David Cox in his best time. We intend this as a compliment, for, of a truth, no English water-colour artist is more deserving of a wide-spread fame than that fine old painter. Once again let us write the name of Edmund G. Warren, for to him unquestionably belongs this year the chief seat of honour. On looking at (No. 228) "The Avenue, Evelyn Woods, Surrey," we exclaim, "This is a more exquisite song than the other." Never was the force of pleasurable illusion carried further. We feel that if we had it hanging in our room we should no more desire to be "out of town;" for it is redolent with all the charms of country landscape and of parks—not Hyde Park, gentle reader, but pure unadulterated country.

VICTORIA CROSS PICTURES.

THERE ARE NOW EXHIBITED in one of the galleries of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, eight large pictures and fourteen studies illustrative of deeds which have won the Victoria Cross during the Crimean and late Indian warfare. The painter of these, Mr. L. W. Desanges, many years ago gave hopeful indications of being able to achieve some very praiseworthy results as a painter in the higher paths of art; but the seductions of money-making beguiled and turned him aside to the allurements of fashionable female portraiture, which he generally invested with a pseudo-sentimentality by conjoining the double lights of the setting sun and rising moon as the atmosphere in which his sitters lived and moved and had their being. This he repeated so often as to make the beholder exclaim with regret, "O day and night; but this is wondrous strange!" He now, however, being, we suppose, cloyed by his own beauties, attempts to storm public attention into admiration of his powers, as a painter of stern historic events. We may admire the motive, but we must most unhesitatingly reprehend and condemn the vanity that could induce such a painter to step out of his proper vocation, and so utterly unprepared and out of training, to enter into a contest with the numerous difficulties that ever attend the consummation of a great work. The spirit of vanity permeates and glares through every one of these eight large pictures. Every figure seems to stand the very impersonation of a solid consciousness, that says, "How deuced cleverly I'm doing this." That may apply to the painter; but it is a sin and a shame to begrime these heroes with such an imputation, the very soul of whose motives was self-sacrifice. It is the crowning glory of this Victoria Cross that it is given to no class, but adorns the breast of the private as well as of the general. It is useless to analyse Mr. Desanges's capacities, because we hold him altogether incapable of what he has undertaken.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE FOLLOWING MEMORIAL has been presented to the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury by the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours. It will be seen that in the memorial the members of the society have refrained from entering into a detailed statement of their views, considering it their duty to leave to her Majesty's Government the dictation of conditions upon which the prayer of the memorial may be granted. The society professes its readiness to carry out such measures as my Lords may deem most effectual in promoting water colour art as a means of advancing the growth of public taste:

To the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury.

The humble memorial of the President, Vice-President, and members of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, sheweth: That this society has been known and recognised as the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours upwards of a quarter of a century. That it was established in consequence of the greatly increased number of painters who had adopted this purely British style of art, and for whose works there were no adequate means of exhibition, the older Water-Colour Society having scarcely sufficient room for the works of their own limited number of members, and the Royal Academy not recognising in their laws water-colour painting as an admitted branch of the fine arts. That during this long period the exhibitions of the two water-colour societies have been mainly instrumental in promoting and improving the public taste as regards this particular branch of art, which has, confessedly, attained a higher degree of eminence in our own country than throughout the whole of Europe. That the number of water-colour artists is still greatly increasing, and additional means for exhibiting their works, beyond the present very limited space for the purpose, is still urgently required; the society is in consequence unable to give effect to their desire to afford support and encouragement to numerous meritorious artists, who are seeking efficient means of bringing their works into public notice. That your memorialists hail with great satisfaction the general recognition of the excellence of British water-colour art among foreign nations as an important means of elevating the standard of taste in our own country, and also as affording profitable employment to a large number of our countrymen in an occupation which cannot fail to promote the national prosperity. That additional facilities of exhibition are self-evident means of accomplishing this most desirable end. Your memorialists therefore humbly pray that your Lordships will be pleased to take the case of this long-established society into favourable consideration, in the arrangements which your Lordships may be pleased to make for the extension and exhibition of works of art, and that they may be admitted to the great privilege of sharing with the Royal Academy and the other Water-Colour Society in the space your Lordships may determine shall be allotted for the purpose. And your memorialists, &c.—(Signed) HENRY WARREN, Pres., and Thirty-two members.

We cannot, of course, predict what will be the exact terms of the reply which the society is likely to receive. Our readers, however, are already acquainted with our opinion as to the chances of any of the art-societies obtaining a footing at Burlington House just yet. All we can say is, that we see no reason to depart from that opinion; albeit, a contemporary has actually gone the length of naming the architect to whom the "Art-Palace in Piccadilly" is to be intrusted. Time, however, the great resolver of all difficulties, will show; and for us our motto shall be "*Che sera sera*."

Mr. Frith's picture, "*The Derby Day*," is now exhibited at Mr. Gambart's German Gallery, 158, Bond-street.

Horace Vernet, who has attained the ripe age of 70, has lately married. The bride was a widow, Mme. Marie Amelia Fuller.

The *Manchester Examiner and Times* states that Mr. O'Neil's picture, "*Eastward Ho!*" has been purchased by a banker at Wakefield.

The same authority is also pleased to hear that the majestic drawing by Turner, "*Edinburgh*," has been purchased by a Manchester collector.

The *Manchester Examiner and Times* also announces that Mr. Ruskin has fulfilled his promise of presenting a beautiful specimen of William Hunt's pencil to the Manchester School of Art.

On Thursday week, Messrs. Caldesi and Montecchi attended by command at Buckingham Palace, to execute a series of photographs of the princes and princesses in the costumes which they wore at the late fancy ball.

The annual distribution of prizes and *conversazione* of the St. Martin's School of Art took place on Friday the 15th. Forty-two elementary prizes and twenty-five medals were awarded, and twelve drawings selected for the national medal competition.

The South Kensington Museum, Art Library, and Drawing Schools, will be open free every morning and evening, from Monday the 25th, to Saturday the 30th April, both days inclusive. Hours: daytime, ten to six; evening, seven till ten.

The prize drawings of the metropolitan district schools of art will be exhibited during the Easter holidays at the South Kensington Museum, in the rooms prepared for the reception of the Vernon and Turner pictures. The class-rooms of the Training School will also be open during the holidays for the inspection of the public.

We have great satisfaction in announcing that the Society of British Artists, on Saturday last, elected Mr. Hemsley a member of their body. Scarcely could they have done themselves more credit than by this selection of one of the rising and justly admired artists of the English school.

The National Portrait Gallery, 29, Great George-street, Westminster, will be open to the public by tickets on Easter Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, from 10 to 5 o'clock. Tickets procurable as usual from Messrs. Colnaghi, Messrs. Graves, and Mr. J. Smith (of New Bond-street), may be had also, on application, of Mr. Metchim, stationer, 20, Parliament-street, and of W. Dufour, stationer, 17A, Great George-street, Westminster.

On the occasion of her visit to the Exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, her Majesty purchased four specimens, viz.: (No. 298) "*The Great Pyramid after Sunset*," by Henry Warren, the President of the Society; (No. 101) "*View at Hampstead*," by J. H. Mole; "*Robin Hood and his Merrie Men in Sherwood Forest*," by Edmund G. Warren; and (No. 12) "*Carnarvon Castle, North Wales*," by Edward Richardson.

The general meeting of the Art Union of London, to receive the committee's report, and distribute the prizes, will be held this year in the New Adelphi Theatre. It will take place on Tuesday the 26th, at half past eleven for twelve, precisely, and it is expected that the subscriptions will amount to 14,000.

The adjourned annual meeting of the Manchester Art Union was held on Friday the 15th, in the Royal Institution, Manchester; Mr. H. J. Leppoc in the chair. The following resolutions were agreed to: "That it seems desirable to amalgamate the Manchester Art Union with the Royal Institution under such provisions as shall be hereafter agreed upon. That Mr. Leppoc, Mr. Hamersley, and Mr. Fonblanque be appointed to confer with the authorities of the Royal Institution as to the terms and conditions on which such an amalgamation can be effected, and to make all necessary arrangements for carrying on the Manchester Art Union in future, either by amalgamation or otherwise, with full power to act in all matters by this or any other mode of proceeding as to them shall seem proper and expedient. That a copy of these resolutions be handed to the Council of the Royal Institution."

A correspondent with the signature of "Suspicion," suggests that it is important, in the formation of the National Portrait Gallery, that the history of every portrait added to it should be unquestionably authentic, and that the trustees should, on the acquisition of each portrait, give full publicity to the details of the transaction. With reference to Mr. Graves's statement that the

pictures recently bought for so little money in Eaton-square, and sold for so much to the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, were about to fall into the hands of a "private party" for the same money, the correspondent asks whether any one "ever made a bad bargain in horses or in pictures, that did not receive the same kind of conciliatory information from the 'party' who had taken him in?"

On Saturday evening, the 16th inst., the forty-fourth anniversary festival of the Artists' Benevolent Association took place at the Freemasons' Tavern, Viscount Hardinge in the chair, supported by an unusually strong muster of the leading artists and sculptors. This charity was established in 1814 for affording relief to decayed artists, or their widows and orphans. Since its establishment nearly 1,700 donations have been granted, amounting in the whole to 20,000. During the past year 73 cases of distress were relieved. The income from all sources amounted to 1,959*l.*, and the expenditure, including 1,075*l.* in donations, to 1,314*l.*; leaving a balance of 645*l.* applicable to what is termed the Christmas distribution. The aggregate funds of the charity are divided—one fund, called the Artists' Relief Fund, being available for the assistance of the members; the other, applicable to the relief of the widows and orphans, being called the Artists' Benevolent Fund. For the objects of the association, however, the two funds are practically united in one society, which only extends its relief to those who are members of it. In giving the toast of the evening, the chairman alluded to a statement that the progress of photography had injuriously affected the position of miniature painters. In returning thanks for the toast of "Sir Charles Eastlake and the Royal Academy," Sir Charles expressed his hope and expectation that the new building which was about to be provided for them would afford greatly increased accommodation, both to the public and to works of art. Other toasts followed, and at the close of the evening the secretary announced a list of subscriptions amounting to upwards of 500*l.*

In an article on the abuses of competition, the *Building News* says: "Rarely is it that a competition of any moment passes off without calling forth some open expression of discontent, if not complaint of downright deception also. Of deception a very flagrant instance has just occurred at Cork, and has been deservedly brought to light by Mr. J. P. Jones (one of the competitors). From his account of the matter, it appears that although it had been agreed and settled that Mr. E. Pugin was to be the architect employed, a few others were admitted to compete (for a Roman Catholic chapel), in order to give a colour of liberality and impartiality to the affair. Fain would we persuade ourselves that Mr. Jones must have made some very great mistake, it being scarcely possible to believe that any men, especially when intending to erect a place of worship, would be guilty of such a deliberate, cold-blooded, iniquitous act of thorough-paced scoundrelism. While he was writing, Mr. Jones must have been dreaming also, for we cannot prevail upon ourselves to believe that, without the slightest intention of benefiting themselves, any men, Roman Catholics or not, would wantonly inflict upon architects the labour-in-vain task of preparing designs predestined to be rejected. The annals of swindling—of the art of obtaining goods under false pretences, afford no parallel to such monstrosity of fraud. Whether the annals of competition do so is a different matter, into which, for want of sufficient evidence, we are not prepared to enter; therefore, all we can say at present is, that we are waiting anxiously for further elucidation of what, to all present appearance, is a most incredibly infamous transaction."

On Friday evening, the 15th inst., the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress entertained a distinguished company of learned and scientific guests at the Mansion House to meet the President (Mr. Glaisher, F.R.S.) and Council of the Blackheath Photographic Society. Nearly 500 persons were assembled, and among those present may be mentioned the names of Mr. Le Neve Foster, Professor Graham, Mr. G. H. Bailey, R.A., Mr. T. H. Foley, R.A., Mr. Gassiot, F.R.S., Mr. W. C. Marshall, R.A., Dr. Sibson, F.R.S., Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., Mr. George Lance, R.A., Mr. Ward, R.A., Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Goldsmidt, Mr. George Godwin, Dr. Arnott, Dr. Croly, Professor Donaldson, Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke, Dr. Bence Jones, M.D., Mr. Owen Jones, Dr. Mortimer, D.D., Mr. Claudet, F.R.S., Mr. Vignoles, Mr. Digby Wyatt, Professor Wheatstone, Professor Delamotte, Mr. Benjamin Wyon, Mr. Lowe, Professor Ramsay, Rev. C. Kingsley, Mr. T. Landseer, Mr. Charles Pearson, Mr. Appold, Dr. Noad, and General Portlock. The photographs were arranged along the corridor leading to the Egyptian Hall, and in the Hall some excellent microscopes were exhibited by the first instrument makers in the kingdom. Messrs. Murray and Heath contributed some dissolving stereoscopic views. Messrs. Smith and Beck exhibited large photographic views of the moon, and Mr. De la Rue's beautiful reflecting stereoscopic views of the same body were also exhibited. Of stereoscopic slides exhibited there were those of Messrs. Knight, Negretti and Zambra (with views just received from China), of Messrs. Wood, and Messrs. Smith and Beck, Ottewill, Burfield and Rouch, and others. Most of the leading photographers exhibited works.

The first exhibition of the Glasgow Photographic Society is now open, and upwards of seven hundred specimens are exhibited, embracing every variety of style and subject. The *North British Daily Mail* gives a good account of the exhibition.

At the third annual general meeting of the Photographic Society of Scotland, held on Tuesday, the following gentlemen were elected members of the society: Mr. William Houston, of Kintatwell; Mr. John Cramb, Glasgow; Mr. P. Dow, Linlithgow; Mr. John F. Sutherland, Cheyne-street; Dr. Richter, India-street; Mr. Swinton S. Melville, Atholl-crescent; Mr. T. Hog, of Newholm; Mr. John Inglis, of Redhall; Mr. J. Macenair, Regent-terrace.

Among the list of paintings purchased by the Glasgow Art Union, as prizes to be distributed in the fortunate portion of the subscribers, are—"The Tod Hunter," R. Ansell, 350*l.*; "Job," John Faed, R.S.A., 250*l.*; "Tinklers," R. M'Innes, 250*l.*; "Bedouin Arab Bartering a young Slave for Armour," John Faed, R.S.A., 180*l.*; "Undine," F. Wyburd, 168*l.*; "Low Tide," G. Hicks, 120*l.*; "Venice," J. B. Pyne, 105*l.*; "Contentment," C. Baxter, 70*l.*; "Schevillings Sands," E. W. Cooke, R.A., 52*l.* 10*s.*

The public distribution of prizes to pupils connected with the Glasgow School of Art took place on Tuesday night in the Glasgow Gallery of Art. Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., presided. The report certified that upwards of 2,200 students have been trained in various departments of art during the session in progress, 808 having attended the Central School of Art, and the remainder belong to various institutions in Glasgow or its neighbourhood connected with the Central School. Drawing is brought so far within the reach of the poorest that a working man may obtain instruction for his son at the rate of forty lessons for sixpence. Sir Archibald Alison addressed the meeting, after which the prizes were distributed. There is an exhibition of students' drawings from all parts of the kingdom, in the Glasgow Gallery of Art.

The Spanish Senate has adopted a bill providing for the erection of a statue to Murillo.

The Paris Exhibition of Beaux-Arts opened on Friday, the 15th inst., but is reported to be in a very incomplete state; the French artists (owing to differences of opinion with the Government) having responded but feebly, and the foreign schools not much better. Many of the leading artists of the French school are entirely unrepresented in the collection, which comprises 3,045 oil

paintings and water-colours, 472 sculptures, 160 engravings, 96 lithographs, 72 sets of architectural drawings, and 32 architectural engravings and lithographs. The confusion in which everything now is, may be imagined when we state that on the day of opening the sculptures were not placed in position. We hope before our next number to have received a catalogue, which will enable us to give some idea of the scope of this exhibition.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

A DARK CLOUD hovers about Covent Garden. One of Mr. Gye's brightest stars is quenched. Bosio is no more. The loss of a great artist who has at any time or in any way excited our admiration, is always a grief of sufficient poignancy to wound the roughest of our sensibilities, even when the deprivation takes place at a time when life has reached its prescribed period; how much more so when those whom we admire are suddenly snatched away in the heyday of their beauty and our delight. Such an accomplished artist as Mme. Angiolina Bosio appears only at wide intervals of time, and we feel sensible that the frequenters of the Royal Italian Opera will find the void occasioned by this calamity one difficult to fill, and that a severe blow has befallen not merely the present season, but art itself.

Since our last we have but little to record with respect to the performances in Bow-street, beyond the first appearance of Ronconi as the Duke of Chevreuse, in "Maria di Rohan." This character is generally admitted to be one of the finest efforts of the lyric stage. With a figure anything but favourable to the assumption of heroic character, Ronconi by genius alone rises to the highest tragic excellence. In the early scenes, before he suspects the truth of his wife, or the fidelity of his companion, the romantic bearing of the nobleman, and the frankness of the devoted friend and lover, were portrayed with consummate art. The first seeds of distrust implanted, a change betrays itself in his demeanour, which, without obtrusive exhibitions of gesture, becomes terrible in its suppressed earnestness. Although Ronconi at the best of times is never vocally great, he was still less so on Thursday in consequence of indisposition. On Saturday "Il Trovatore" was brought forward with the same cast of principals as on the two occasions previous. Mme. Lotti gains on acquaintance, and we have reason to believe that she will prove a valuable adjunct to the staff already great in public estimation. In consequence of the extremely unpropitious state of the weather the house on Saturday was but thinly attended.

Very few instrumentalists have ripened so rapidly into public favour as M. Wieniawski. Six months ago his name had not penetrated this island. No puff preliminary heralded his appearance at the Lyceum concerts under M. Jullien. His first movement, however, riveted attention, and after he had submitted to the iron whip of criticism, he pursued his journey towards a wider field of fame, and one of surer fortune, than preconceived notions had permitted him to indulge in. The land of promise broke more suddenly on his view than his enthusiasm had led him to expect in the land of his birth. Diverse as opinions were on his first appearance, with reference to various minute divisions of his art, the young Pole merely required time and opportunity that a sterling value might be set on his achievements. Every fresh hearing has tended to remove the hazy veil that obscured the minds of the unbiassed, as there is scarcely a school that boasts of a great master but finds a fitting exponent in M. Wieniawski. The popularity he has attained is well deserved, seeing that it springs solely from merit; and as the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company are ever on the alert for the supply of attractions, this celebrated violinist was engaged at the Saturday concert on the 19th inst. In a concerto of Mendelssohn's he exhibited, as usual, a marvellous delicacy of tone and expression; but his most astonishing feat, that of executive skill, was witnessed in Paganini's arrangement of "Di tanti palpiti," which created a perfect *furor* of applause. Mrs. Enderssohn introduced a new ballad entitled "Only in jest," which found considerable favour in the eyes of the young and fair portion of the crowded audience. The canzone of Haydn's, "She never told her love," is hardly adapted for such a concert as that of Saturday. Many profess to discover wondrous beauty in it; peradventure Mrs. Enderssohn does, for we rarely look at a concert programme in which this lady's name appears but the old story stands fixed against it. We are half tempted to the wish that Patience had never been guilty of smiling at grief, but are fearful it might be construed into heterodoxy, and this ought to "give us pause." The orchestral portion of the entertainment consisted of Beethoven's symphony in D (No. 2), Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia," and an overture by F. Schubert under the romantic name of "Rosamunda." These were admirably played, although they did not appear to afford so much interest as many instrumental compositions previously submitted. It is, nevertheless, a judicious policy to familiarise the public by degrees with the rich stores of art comparatively unknown.

Another afternoon concert by the London Glee and Madrigal Union, took place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday. The programme was made up with four madrigals, four glees, an ancient French melody, an English ditty of the olden time, and a set of choruses. We have little to remark with reference to the style and general execution of these compositions beyond what was advanced a fortnight since. Some of the pieces were repeats "by desire" and they had nearly the same executants as before. A spirit of rivalry is beginning to be awakened in this branch of the vocal art, so that we may expect ere long to witness one great source of amusement brought to as high a point of finish as in the age when it received so much regal support—an amusement that afforded immense delight to the great geniuses who lived and flourished in very notable periods of English history. The rooms were well attended. Mr. Laud conducted, and Mr. Oliphant added materially to the interest of the entertainments by his witty and erudite remarks on the music selected.

Mr. George Tedder gave his annual concert on Monday, at St. Martin's Hall. On this occasion a very considerable muster of friends and admirers honoured him with an attendance. If there be any special charm in variety, this was one of the most charming meetings to which we have been a party for a very long time past. But, the truth to speak, we much prefer the old-fashioned style of a concert-bill, with its little and good, to the construction of the modern bantling, from which, though ample in dimensions, it is often difficult to extract sufficient solid entertainment for an evening's sitting. In a tinted programme circulated among the visitors we summed up seven-and-thirty items. In consequence of frequent departures from the order in which these were arranged, we were at times sorely puzzled to discover at what point of the performance we had arrived. A selection from "Don Giovanni" occupied a large share of the first part of the evening, and we regret to state that Mozart's superlative music met with a very undeserved fate. Miss Stabach introduced a new song, entitled "The Shooting Star;" the effort to bring it into favour was in more than one instance made at the expense of inexact tonation. Another new ballad, "Crossing the Moor," sung by Mme. Weiss, appeared to be a composition of odds and ends, arranged to suit the vocal fancies of the singer. Mr. Tedder adopted the popular songs, those to which Reeves has given so much prominence. It is hardly necessary to state that the *beneficiarius* came in for a large share of the votes of the house in everything that he essayed. The Coldstream band,

under Mr. Godfrey, afforded a most agreeable change to the song-and-ballad strains of which the programme was chiefly composed.

There was a very excellent attendance at St. Martin's Hall on Tuesday, to hear Mendelssohn's "Elijah," under the direction of Mr. John Hullab. With the exception of the life of Christ, we know of scarcely any more impressive record in the whole sacred canon than the history of the Tishbite, nor any with greater musico-dramatic capabilities in the hands of a composer with imagination enough to bear him to "the height of this great argument." It is the utterance, by one for many, of those irrepressible aspirations of humanity towards the Most High, which are at least the primary elements of religion in the spirit, and which are fortified against the incroachments of a low materialism by each succeeding incarnation of their subtle essence in the lofty forms of art. The chief weight of the work rests on the shoulders of the impersonator of the prophet-hero. Mr. Santley sustained the character with great ability, considering that he is fresh to the task. In the recitatives his declamation was somewhat deficient in dignity and force, and many passages demanding a vehement and energetic delivery were too uniformly smooth. He sang the airs of the part with all the beauty of his rich mellow voice, and combined also a purity of style with a correctness of intonation. The deeply pathetic "It is enough," and the tranquil, trusting "For the mountains shall depart," would have been resung had the request of the visitors been complied with. Mme. Rudersdorff gave as usual a very vigorous reading to the principal soprano music. Miss Palmer was the contralto. In the scene where Jezebel denounces the prophet and instigates the people to destroy him, the fierce and violent character was not sketched with sufficient truthfulness; in other respects the fair vocalist is entitled to a large share of eulogy. Mr. Wilbye Cooper's performance of the recit. and aria "If with all your hearts," and "Then shall the righteous," was, putting aside that of Reeves, the best we have heard for a long time. The oratorio was listened to with the utmost attention, and some of the choruses were honoured with loud and well-deserved notices of approbation, in that especially where a scene of recrimination is kept up between Ahab and the prophet, "Basal, we cry to thee." This is perhaps one of the most remarkable compositions in the work; the wonder of it consists in the peculiar distinction kept up between the prayer of idolatry and the petitions of Elijah to Jehovah; the latter being full of solemn earnestness, the former deriving from some mysterious instrumental combinations a mixed character of sensualism and fear. In the concerted pieces, to the principals before named, must be added Miss Fanny Rowland, Miss M. Bradshaw, Mr. W. Evans, and Mr. Henry Barnby. Mr. Hopkins, of the Temple, presided at the organ.

The Sacred Harmonic Society make it a rule to perform "Messiah" once in Passion Week. On Wednesday Exeter Hall was thronged, as usual on such an occasion, and hundreds of persons were unable to obtain admission. The principals were Mme. Catherine Hayes, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Sig. Belletti.

St. James's Hall was crowded on Monday with the patrons of (Mendelssohn's) music. The programme was an aspect so similar to those noticed frequently hitherto at the Monday Popular Concerts, that we deem it unnecessary to go into particulars. The chief artists were M. Wieniawski, Mr. Charles Hallé, Sig. Piatti, Mr. Sims Reeves, &c.

A very inviting programme was issued for Tuesday evening at St. James's Hall, and, as a consequence, the building was filled at an early period of the evening. In addition to the glitter of stars constellated nightly in the aristocratic neighbourhood of Regent-street, the services of the English Glee and Madrigal Union were called into requisition on the occasion in question. A madrigal, "Merrily wake Music's measure" by Barnett, was chosen to preface the entertainment; and in the opening of the second part another very beautiful composition by Goss, "O thou whose beams," Mr. Sims Reeves, who appears now to be in good physical condition, gave the scene from "Oberon," "Oh! 'tis a glorious sight to see," in magnificent style. A very expressive ballad, written by Longfellow, and set by Balfe, entitled "Daybreak," was sung by Miss Dolby. M. Wieniawski and Mr. Charles Hallé exhibited the wonders of their art in a duet from "Les Huguenots," the joint production of Thalberg and De Beriot. The celebrated violinist took part also with M. Benedict and Herr Engel in a trio for harmonium, violin, and pianoforte. The glees and madrigals were sung chiefly by Miss Banks, Mrs. Lockey, Miss Foster, Messrs. Lockey, Winn, Thomas, and Montem Smith.

Among the prominent attractions of Wednesday, at St. James's Hall, were three pieces assigned to Mme. Fauré, the lady who figured so conspicuously in the recent operatic performances at St. James's Theatre. Mme. Fauré belongs to florid school of vocalisation, and in an air entitled "Le Carnaval" with variations, she gave abundant proof of the facility with which she could travel over mountains and through forests of quavers and demisemiquavers. The French *prima donna* met with the largest share of applause during the evening. Sig. Piatti, and Mr. Charles Hallé, and the English Glee and Madrigal Union contributed also to the entertainment. The Hall was extremely well attended.

"Creation," "Judas Maccabeus," and "Messiah," were announced to take place at the Royal Surrey Theatre during Passion week "on a scale of surpassing magnitude and excellence." It is a very easy thing to talk. We have been extremely unfortunate in our endeavours to trace any harmony between the romance of announcement and the actuality of result. The forces, choral and instrumental, were placed under the direction of Sig. Alberto Randegger.

CONCERTS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday, April 25.—Monday Popular Concerts, St. James's Hall, Evening.
Wednesday, 27.—London Polyhymnion Choir, Hanover-square Rooms, 8.
Thursday, 28.—Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. Eighth Concert. St. Martin's Hall, 84.
Saturday, 30.—English Glee and Madrigal Union, Willis's Rooms, Morning.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

ON THURSDAY, the 14th, Mr. Albert Smith attended at Buckingham Palace for the purpose of giving his entertainment on China, before the Queen and Royal Family. It being impossible to transport all the decorations and apparatus from the Egyptian Hall, the original sketches were taken and disposed upon easels. At the conclusion of the business the Queen and Prince Consort are said to have complimented Mr. Smith "on the success of his endeavours to amuse them."

The theatres at Hull, York, and Leeds, known in the theatrical profession as the "York circuit," are in the market, and will be offered for sale at Hull, on Wednesday, the 18th of May. Time was, and that in the memory of actors not yet old, when this "circuit" was the most valuable one in the provinces. Railroads have, however, done as much to change this as they have to revolutionise many other old-fashioned institutions.

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was chosen for performance at the Free-Trade Hall, Manchester, last night. Without in any way underrating the merit of that consummate work of art, may we not ask what object is gained, and whether a great impropriety is not rather committed, by departing from the excellent custom of giving the only oratorio thoroughly appropriate to the day—Handel's glorious "Messiah."

Mr. Gye has done what he can towards repairing the terrible loss to his company caused by the death of Mme. Bosio, by engaging Mme. Penco to supply her place.

On Thursday evening, the 14th inst., Mr. Macready gave a poetic reading at the Warminster Athenæum before a distinguished audience. Lord Henry Thynne presided. One of the results of Mr. Macready's reading was a reduction of the debt of the institution by the amount of 50*l*.

The Sadler's Wells troupe of pantomimists, Charles Fenton, Deulin, Miss Parkes, and others, embarked on Wednesday the 13th, at St. Katharine's Wharf, for Hamburg, en route to Berlin, where they intend producing the last pantomime played at Sadler's Wells under the direction of Mr. T. L. Greenwood.

Miss Goddard, the *tragédienne*, has entered into an engagement with Mr. Swanborough, of the Strand Theatre, to play six nights at Yarmouth, Bury, Ipswich, Lynn, Colchester, and Norwich, commencing on Monday next, the 25th inst. Miss Goddard's success in Scotland has been recorded in these columns.

Mr. J. L. Toole, the well-known comedian of the Adelphi Theatre, has been giving a comic entertainment at Glasgow. The *North British Daily Mail* says: "Mr. Toole possesses the faculty of imitating varieties of character in every grade of life in a remarkable degree, and his comic personations kept the audience in roars of laughter."

The Crystal Palace, still keeping up the anniversary-mania, celebrates to-day (as per advertisement) the two hundred and forty-third anniversary of Shakspeare's death. We are almost surprised that yesterday was not honoured, in the same manner, with a performance of one of the old monkish mysteries appropriate to the occasion.

On Friday evening, the 15th instant, a rehearsal of the "Dettingen Te Deum" and "Judas Maccabæus," by the London section of the grand chorus for the coming Handel Festival, was held at Exeter Hall, under the superintendence of Mr. Costa. The chorus-singers, to the number of 1,500, nearly filled the body of the hall; a small space at the end of the galleries being thronged with those who obtained the privilege of *extré*. The only instrumental music on the occasion was provided by the great organ, which proved fully sufficient for the purpose. Difficult as it is to pronounce upon the effect of a great work from hearing it rehearsed, we think that a great success may be anticipated in the performance of the glorious "Te Deum." The singers, evidently not so familiar with the music as they are with the oratorios, had occasionally to be checked by Mr. Costa, and made to "try back." This, however, was not of frequent occurrence. The effect of the 1,500 voices in the comparatively confined space of Exeter Hall was indescribably grand.

On Monday evening, the fourteenth anniversary dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund took place at the Freemasons' Hall; Mr. Charles Mathews in the chair. About two hundred gentlemen were present, and the gallery was filled with a brilliant attendance of ladies. In proposing the toast of the evening the chairman excited a great deal of merriment by the flippant and unconcerned manner with which he referred to the pecuniary deficiencies of his own managerial career. "He was used," he said, "to difficulties (cheers), and could only imagine that he had been chosen to fill the chair as a warning. (Laughter)." . . . The company might be pleased to hear that he had nothing to do with managing the funds." (Laughter.) Much more in the same strain followed. Mr. Buckstone announced that the funds were in a most prosperous state, seeing that they possessed a capital exceeding 11,000*l*, after paying eleven annuitants during the past year from 30*l*. to 90*l*. per annum. The recipients of these annuities were mostly ladies. The present number of the members of the fund was 111. The subscription list of the evening, including a donation of 100*l*. from her Majesty, amounted to about 500*l*.

A correspondent urges the directors of the Crystal Palace Company to lose no time in defining clearly the nature of their intentions towards the persons composing the chorus. In 1857 considerable discontent was excited by the absence of any distinct understanding as to free tickets to be given to the chorus, and many and loud were the complaints among the country section of the chorus as to what they considered the illiberality of those who had the management of the Festival. We do not believe that any illiberality was intended, or that the directors are now actuated by any other wish than to give perfect satisfaction to all, and most certainly to those whose aid will be indispensable in carrying out successfully this unprecedented musical experiment. We agree with the correspondent, therefore, that the directors ought immediately to declare their intentions in the clearest and most unmistakable manner; for it is always a pity when good intentions are marred by defective arrangements. At the same time we would impress upon the unpaid chorus that great as may be the obligations to them under which the directors will lie, they ought not to cancel them by insisting upon conditions which cannot, in the nature of things, be granted. Their very numbers must prevent anything like a large issue of gratuitous tickets to their friends, and we think that five hundred tickets per diem, divided among the fifteen hundred unpaid chorus-singers, would be as great a concession as could be expected. The distribution of these might be settled by chance, each chorus-singer drawing a single card out of the fifteen hundred.

The *Building News* gives good news of the progress made in the preparations for the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. The Orchestra has received considerable additions, and has been inclosed by a screen of woodwork, which cannot fail to produce important effects upon its acoustic qualities. This orchestra now measures, from the floor of the building to the uppermost seat, 46 feet 8 inches. In front it extends 216 feet, filling the entire span of the great transept. The radius of the circle, of which the orchestra forms a segment, is 120 feet; and the actual depth of the orchestra itself, from front to back is 96 feet. 16,074 cubic feet of timber have been employed in its construction, of which the weight amounts to 251 tons. The whole has been planned and completely executed under the direction and superintendence of Mr. Earee, the clerk of the works of the Crystal Palace. The screen of woodwork which incloses the entire expanse of the orchestra, and rises above the uppermost seat to the height of 28 feet 4 inches, has been decorated (?) with a painted device, the merit of which we believe to be due to the gentleman who presides over the Fine-Art departments of the Crystal Palace. A more unfortunate blunder—and all blunders are unfortunate—than this painting it would be difficult to imagine. It is a rigidly classic affair, though far from conveying a happy notion of classic art. The object of it is to lead to the idea that the Handel Festival is being held in a Roman hypæthral amphitheatre—such a place being peculiarly in harmony with Handel associations, and the open air, as represented in the painted screen exactly adapted both to the actual requirements of vocal music of the highest order and to our English idea of the most appropriate of concert-rooms. With casts from the Lincoln angel-choir in one of the Fine-Art Courts close at hand, it would have seemed easy enough to have produced precisely the very decoration that would have been in every sense the best for the Handel orchestra. To the dimensions of the great orchestra that we have already given, it may be desirable to add, that its width is exactly double the diameter of the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, and that it possesses a larger area than the combined orchestras of Westminster Abbey (as arranged for the Commemoration of 1784), York Minster (as at the Festival of 1823), the Birmingham

Town Hall, the Leeds Town Hall, St. George's Hall at Liverpool, and the Philharmonic Hall at Bradford, with several other smaller orchestras. The central transept of the Crystal Palace may be considered to form, on this occasion, an enormous music-hall, 360 feet long by 216 feet in width, and (exclusive of several tiers of galleries), containing an area of 77,760 square feet; and even this broad space will admit an immense increase, by extending the seats for the audience far into the adjoining portions of the building.

Mr. German Reed communicates the following letter, received from the Examiner of Stage Plays, prohibiting the use of the Olympic Theatre during Passion week for the purposes of Mr. and Mrs. Reed's entertainment:

Lord Chamberlain's-office, St. James's Palace, April 16.
SIR,—I am directed by the Lord Chamberlain to inform you that his attention has been drawn to an advertisement in the *Era* and other newspapers, in which an entertainment in two parts, entitled, 1. "A Visit to Holly Lodge," 2. "My Unfinished Opera," is announced to be performed by Mrs. German Reed and yourself at the Olympic Theatre, during Passion week. His Lordship desires me also to inform you that the above-mentioned proposed entertainment is unauthorised and illegal, because, in the first place, the theatres during Passion week are not licensed for dramatic representation, neither has the building in which you are advertised to appear a music and dancing licence from the magistrates of the district.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,
German Reed, Esq.

W. BODHAM DONNE, Examiner of Stage Plays, &c.
Commenting upon this, Mr. Reed says: "It appears that my entertainment, though prohibited at a theatre, might have been given in a building licensed by the magistrates; the objection being, not that my entertainment is unfit for presentation during Passion-week, but that the Olympic Theatre has not a music licence. The magistrates, it seems, have power of allowing public places of amusement to be open at the time when the Government compels them to be shut. Surely, sir, the sooner this anomaly is put an end to the better." It appears to us that Mr. Reed might fairly have added to this a complaint of the cruelty of delaying the prohibition until the latest possible moment, when all the expense had been incurred in the way of advertisements, bills, and the thousand other ways in which money has to be spent in preparing for such adventures. A similar prohibition was directed to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, and to Mr. Adams, who had announced, for the twenty-ninth year, his astronomical lecture at the Haymarket, with musical illustrations. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul seemed, at first, inclined to set the Lord Chamberlain's veto at defiance, for their entertainment was given at Sadler's Wells on Monday and Tuesday nights. This, however, was dangerous ground; for it not only laid them open to a heavy penalty at the suit of a common informer, under the Act of Parliament upon which the Lord Chamberlain's authority is based, but subjected every one of the audience to the same risk. On Wednesday, Mr. Greenwood, having judiciously taken competent advice, caused the theatre to be closed. The absurdity of the whole proceeding is most conspicuously illustrated in the prohibition of poor Mr. Adams and his innocuous, instructive, if dreary exhibition. For nine-and-twenty years has this gentleman held forth upon the heavenly bodies without let or hindrance, revolving his lamps, exhibiting his transparencies, and eclipsing the sun with a dark lantern; and now he is told that for all this time he has been acting in lawless defiance to the wisdom of Parliament. How Mr. Adams's entertainment can be construed to be musical, excepting by a very wide interpretation of Addison's figurative statement, that the planets are

For ever singing as they shine.

we are at a loss to conceive. Even the late Rev. Rowland Hill, who abominated theatres even more heartily than the Dean of Carlisle does, advertised Mr. Adams from his pulpit. "But when," said he, "my friend Mr. Adams shows to you the wonders of the heavenly bodies, there, ah, ha! that is quite a different matter. Go, my friends; go, all of you." We are not, however, without hope that the prohibition of the Lord Chamberlain may bring the question of whether it is right that the present absurd distinction between theatres within the purview of a royal palace and theatres without that limit should be continued, to a short and sharp issue.

The American papers announce that Mlle. Piccolomini and Mr. Ullman, her business manager, have had a quarrel, resulting in the breaking of the contract between them. The little *prima donna* is at New Orleans, and will continue her concert tour with most of the members of the opera company. Mr. Muzio, the musical conductor and the agent sent over by Mr. Lumley to look out for his interests during Piccolomini's engagement, is now acting as business agent. Of Mr. Ullman the *New Orleans Delta*, which has a pique against the manager, says: "The last we heard of him was that he was stowed away in an empty sugar-hogshead on the Levee, labelled 'This side up, with care, preparatory to shipment for New York as freight.'"

At the Théâtre Italien, Donizetti's "Poliuto" has been received, with Tamberlik as the hero, and Penco as *Paolina*.

Ristori has also reappeared as *Fedra*. Berlioz announces a grand performance to take place on the 23rd, at the Opéra Comique; the programme consists almost entirely of his own works.

The *Pré Catalan* is to commence its season on the 20th. M. Berlioz announces the performance of his last oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ," with full orchestra and chorus of 130 executants, at the Opéra Comique, Paris, on Saturday next. The principal parts are to be sung by MM. Battaille, Jourdan, Meillet, Belval, and Mme. Meillet. The oratorio will be followed by a grand concert of sacred music, vocal and instrumental. To conclude with the "Hymne à la France," grand chorus composed by Berlioz.

At the Odéon, in Paris, a marked success has been attained by a new two-act comedy of M. Léopold Laluyé, called "Le Poème de Claude." The first effort of this young author, "Au Printemps," is still generally remarked for its many striking qualities. The principal characters are represented by MM. Tesserant, Febvre, Thiron, and Mmes. Debruce and Beuzeville.

Galvani states that in Paris the tide of concerts is now at the flood. Among the number are two classical concerts by Mme. Szarvady (the Wilhelmine Clauss of former days). The grand "Kreutzer" of Beethoven; the "Berceuse" waltz, and the study (in which the right hand never touches a white key) by the piano poet, Chopin; Schumann's pleasing variations in B flat, and *lieder* by Schubert, composed an excellent bill of fare for the first. The second was also distinguished by the taste of the selection. It opened with the sonata (17) by Beethoven for piano and violin, admirably executed by Mme. Szarvady and Becker. Chopin was again brought forward, and again delighted the hearer under the finger of Mme. Szarvady, who concluded the *soirée*, as it began, with a sonata of Beethoven's (31); which she played with perfection.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The preparations for the Easter holidays at the lecture rooms and in the museum of this national establishment are fully worthy of the public patronage and of the Royal encouragement which it has received. It is no exaggerated praise to say that the directors have been most liberal in their arrangements for the edification and the amusement of their friends. They have shown their judgment by the arrangements they have made for the younger as well as the older visitors; and there is no person, whatever his tastes or his aspirations for improvement may be, who will not find a great

deal to excite his curiosity and reward his pains. The lectures for practical men and the operative classes of the community are, we are happy to say, well attended.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—We have seldom been more gratified by a visit to any exhibition than by a visit which we recently paid to the gallery in Baker-street. We were occupied for nearly two hours in traversing the apartments and inspecting the numerous plastic representations of the celebrities, imperial, regal, and princely, with which the place abounds; and had our time allowed us, we could have prolonged our visit with great edification, and to the improvement of our historical recollections, for two hours more. What renders this exhibition so much superior to what has been attempted in the same way before, is the truthfulness of representation in the effigies. This has been secured by employing at very great expense the talent of the best artists, and deserves public patronage. The fitting up of the gallery is very noble and magnificent.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—Amateur plays and actors seldom deserve more commendation than that "it was very good for amateurs." Not so a remarkable exhibition last week at the residence of Mr. Salaman, the composer, at 36, Baker-street, where we witnessed two dramas written by Mr. E. J. Goodman, and acted by the author and a party of his relatives and friends. Of the first of them, "What's in a name?" we can say truly that it would be received with hearty approval on any stage in London. Admirable in plot and brilliant in composition, it is a work that ought to be better known, and marks its author as the possessor of dramatic genius that one day must make him famous. The acting of it, too, was excellent, altogether unlike a drawing-room play. The author has a liveliness very rare even on the boards. Miss Claudine Hampton was such a *soubrette* as none of our present companies could equal. Mr. Walter Goodman is as clever in low comedy as in scene-painting. Miss Goodman played with exquisite feeling and good taste. Pretty Miss Bella Hampton was a perfect walking lady, and Mr. Previté did not fall far short of Vinio himself. The audience was manifestly even more surprised than delighted. We have witnessed many private theatricals, but none that in real merit approached to these.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—April 6, 1859.—Prof. J. Phillips, Pres., in the chair. James Phillips, Esq., Claremont Lodge, Brixton-road; Charles Gould, Esq., Geol. Survey Great Britain; John Edward Lee, Esq., Priory, Caerleon, Monmouthshire; and John Leckenby, Esq., Scarborough, were elected fellows. The following communication was read: "On the Subdivisions of the Inferior Oolite in the South of England, compared with the equivalent beds of the same formation on the Yorkshire Coast." By Thomas Wright, M.D., F.R.S.E. (communicated by T. H. Huxley, Esq., Sec. G.S.) With a Note on Dundry Hill, by R. Etheridge, Esq., F.G.S. The author remarked that, since the publication of his memoir "On the so-called Sands of the Inferior Oolite," some geologists had taken the liassic character of these sands into consideration, and that Oppel, Hébert, and DeWaque had agreed with the author on palaeontological grounds; whilst Mr. E. Hull (of the Geological Survey) had also adopted his views. On the other hand, Mr. Lycett and Professor Buckman still regard these sands as distinct from the upper lias. Dr. Wright then described the beds at Bluewick, on the Yorkshire coast, which he regards as the equivalents of the "Cephalopoda-bed," or "Jurensis-bed," namely, some shales and sandstones underlying the rock which he regards as the basement-bed of the "Dogger" or inferior oolite. The author then observed that the inferior oolite in the south of England admits of a palaeontological subdivision into three zones: 1. (uppermost) the zone of Ammonites Parkinsoni; 2. zone of Am. Humphreianus; and 3. zone of Am. Murchisonae. He then described these zones and the fossils peculiar to them. In this communication Dr. Wright endeavoured to show that the inferior oolite of the south of England admits of a subdivision into three zones of life, and that each zone is characterised by the presence of mollusca, echinodermata, and corals special to each. 2. That these three zones are very unequally developed in different regions both in England, France, and Germany; the individual beds composing the zones being sometimes thin and feebly developed (or altogether absent) in some localities, but thick and fully developed in others; the zone of Am. Murchisonae is the one most frequently absent; that of Am. Humphreianus has a wider area; and the zone of Am. Parkinsoni is the most persistent, is widely extended, and is very often the sole representative member of the inferior oolite formation. 3. That many Lamellibranchiata and a few Gasteropoda are common to the three zones, and that most of the Ammonites, Brachiopoda, Echinodermata, and Corals are limited in their range to one of the zones; but that each zone possesses a Fauna which is sufficiently characteristic of it. 4. The Parkinsoni-zone possesses many species of Mollusca and Echinodermata in common with the Cornbrash; and the Murchisonae-zone, in like manner, contains many Lamellibranchiata, which appeared for the first time in the Jurensis-stage, although all the Cephalopoda of these two stages are specifically distinct from each other.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—April 7.—Prof. Brodie, Pres., in the chair. Messrs. W. Wakefield and H. B. Brady, and Drs. Bird Herapath and Boyd MacKinlay were elected fellows. Mr. N. Tate read a paper "On the Action of Boracic Acid upon the Salts of the more Volatile Acids at High Temperatures." Dr. Odling, Hon. Sec., read a paper "On Boric and Silicic Acids," and advocated the recognition of a distinct class of tetrabasic ortho-silicates and borates comparable with the terbasic phosphates. Mr. F. Field read a paper "On the Action of Hydro-chloric Acid upon Sulphide of Mercury in the presence of certain other substances."

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—A lecture was delivered, on Saturday the 9th instant, by Colonel Sykes, M.P., upon "Traits of Indian Character." The avowed object of the lecturer was to present the favourable side of the Hindoo character in contrast to the darkness in which it has of late become the habit to represent it; at the same time that he admitted the existence of much evil among the natives, and even its preponderance over good. The Hindoo, in fact, was represented as neither angel nor devil, but a man sharing the faults and virtues of humanity. His much-talked-of immutability was disproved in a clear and succinct sketch of the countless changes and modifications which the Indian religious mind has undergone, tracing it from the primeval stage of elemental worship and undeveloped caste, as displayed in the Rig Veda, down to modern times, especially adverting to the universal spread of Buddhism in India at one period, and its complete extinction at present throughout the peninsula. The intense devotional sentiment, the fidelity, the charity, and even the chivalry of the natives of India were severally illustrated by a series of appropriate anecdotes, some historical, and others derived from the lecturer's own experience. The lecturer concluded by quoting a forcible opinion of Sir John Malcolm, deprecating over-zeal in changing the condition of the inhabitants of India by crude and premature reforms before we have obtained a full and thorough insight into its exact nature.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday, April 25.—Actuaries, 7.
Tuesday, 26.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8.
Wednesday, 27.—London Institution, 12 a.m. Anniversary.—Royal Soc. Literature, 4½.—Society of Arts, 8. Mr. J. Arthur Phillips, "On the Metallurgy of Lead."—Archæological Association, 8.
Thursday, 28.—Numismatic, 7.—London Institution, 7. Prof. Bentley, "On Vegetable Substances used for the Food of Man."—Philological, 8.
Friday, 29.—United Service Institution, 3. Major-Gen. Fortlock, "On the advantage of cultivating the Natural and Experimental Sciences as promoting the Social Comfort and Practical Utility of Military Men."

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

PHONOGRAPHY.—The *Photographic News* announces a very singular discovery, by M. L. Scott, by means of which sounds may be made to record themselves, whether they are those of musical instruments, or emitted by the voice in singing or speaking. Professor Wheatstone, during his recent visit to Paris, was invited by the Abbé Moigno to inspect the papers on which these sounds had printed themselves, and is said to have been greatly surprised and pleased with what he saw. The mark produced on the paper by a particular note is invariably the same; so, also, if a person speaks, the tone of voice in which he speaks is faithfully recorded. As yet no practical advantage has been obtained by this discovery; but M. Scott is sanguine that, in course of time, he will so far improve his apparatus that it will be capable of printing a speech, which may be written off *verbatim*, to the great saving of the labour of Parliamentary reporters.

THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—Captain Irminger, of the Royal Danish Navy, as corresponding member of the Royal Geographical Society, has announced that letters and parcels for the members of Captain McClintock's Arctic Expedition can be forwarded by the Danish vessels shortly about to sail for Greenland. The names of the vessels and dates of departure are as follows: The ship *Julian-schab*, to Frederikshaab, Fiskernæsset, and Godthaab, and the brig *Neptunus*, to Claushaven and Jacobshaven, both at the end of April; the *Hvalfisken*, to Christianshaab, Omenak, and Upernavik, the beginning of May; the brig *Peru*, to Egedesminde, Omenak, Upernavik, and Proven, the middle of May; the brig *Constance*, to Christianshaab, Jacobshaven, and Rittenbeek, the end of May; the brig *Tulfe* to Egedesminde and Godhaven, the beginning of July.

THE NEWLY INVENTED BREACH-LOADING CANNON.—It is understood that in consequence of the favourable reports which have appeared from time to time of the results of experiments made with the new breach-loading cannon invented by Mr. Warry, armorer to the 3rd battalion of infantry at Brompton, the Government have determined on taking up the invention, and that a commission will shortly be appointed to report on a series of trials to be made with the weapon. In addition to the improvements effected in the gun since its first trial at the garrison, Mr. Warry has just completed another valuable improvement which has the effect of rendering the discharges even more rapid than before, so that the gun can now be made to fire with ease at least twenty shots per minute. An officer belonging to the Austrian Government has waited on Mr. Warry for the purpose of purchasing his invention, but the offer has been declined until the intentions of the British Government are known.

INTERESTING GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—The *Caledonian Mercury* states that another entire skeleton of a seal has been discovered in the pleistocene, or upper tertiary, brick-clay of Stratheden, and in the same pit that yielded the fine specimen described by Mr. Page at the Leeds meeting of the British Association, and now in the cases of the Edinburgh Museum. The present skeleton, also that of a young animal, is larger than the former, being three feet long, but it is not in such good preservation, having been struck through by the spade before detection. Along with this seal, which seems to be a variety of the *Phoca vitulina*, there has been discovered the skeleton of a large duck that shows the closest affinities to the genus *Oidemia*, or surf-ducks, of Northern latitudes—thus corroborating the great fact of the more boreal character of our climate during the close of the pleistocene period. The Brighton Tile-works, where these remains have been found, are about ten miles inland, and on a clay-bed that ranges from 100 to 150 feet above medium tide level—thus indicating a time when our island sat 150 feet deeper in the water, and when our chief straths and caesws were shallow friths and bays—the haunts of seals and sea-fowl—just as are the fiords of Greenland at the present day. Two thousand years ago the Romans encamped high and dry on the same clay-bed at Chapelwell, some five miles farther down the strath, ages before the ancient Britons fabricated their cinerary urns from the same clay; how many thousand years before that when this clay was being deposited as a fine impalpable silt in the waters of the ocean, we leave to the curious in creational chronology. As the Brighton clay-pits are evidently in the site of an eddy in the ancient estuary, many additional remains are likely to be turned up, and if so they are sure to be taken care of by the proprietors, and by Mr. James Mill, the foreman of the works, to whom science is indebted for the preservation of what has been already discovered.

IMPORTANCE OF VACCINATION.—The report of the National Vaccine Board to the Privy Council for the year ended March, 1859, was printed on Saturday. The Board report that 234,150 charges of lymph have been supplied during the year; that 12,418 letters have been received and answered; that 6,445 vaccinations have been performed by the stationary vaccinators in London connected with the establishment, and that 130,697 vaccinations have been performed by provincial correspondents of the board. Supplies of lymph have been sent to the most distant parts of the world, including Australia, China, Burmah, Canada, Styria, the Cape, and even to such places as Boulogne and Bruges, which surely ought to be provided with so essential an article as lymph. The Board have directed their attention more especially of late to the most effectual method of increasing the supply of vaccine lymph, as they observed that the Vaccination Acts of 1840, 1841, and 1853, which had created and developed the parochial system of public vaccination, had tended greatly to reduce the number of applicants at the stations of the National Vaccine establishment. It is shown that while the operation of these laws has reduced the number of vaccinations from which lymph is supplied for the public service, the demand for lymph has gone on increasing; and whereas ordinarily the board distribute about 215,000 charges of lymph, it must yet be considered that under peculiar circumstances the demand may rise (as it has already risen) to 320,000—nearly 60 per cent. higher than was supplied in 1838, when the sources of supply were nearly three times as numerous as now. Abundant sources of lymph exist, however, in the great parochial vaccinating stations established at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Newcastle, and other large towns. The supply, the purity of the lymph, and the best means of affording instruction in vaccination to medical students are still under consideration. From the medical journals of the past week we gather that re-vaccination, and even the vaccination of the non-vaccinated persons who have undergone the disease of variola, is very desirable, if not absolutely necessary, and that lymph taken from the arm of a healthy subject is more efficacious than lymph taken from glass. The Poor-law Commissioners for Ireland, in their recent report state that in spite of the recent Act, the number of vaccinations last year was very far below what it ought to have been. They believe that the principal causes of the inefficiency

of vaccination, under the Medical Charities Act, are the indolence and apathy of the poor, and the prejudice widely prevailing among the peasantry in favour of small-pox inoculation as affording better protection than vaccination against the loathsome natural disease of variola. Against this evil the provisions of the Act 21 & 22 Vict. cap. 64, are aimed, and are well calculated to lessen, if not to obviate it.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ITEMS.

ANCIENT CANOE.—The *North British Mail* states that the loch which surrounds the ancient castle of Closeburn is at present in course of being drained. On Saturday last the workmen employed in cutting the drains discovered an ancient canoe embedded about three feet deep in the moss forming the bed of the loch. The canoe is of oak, in an excellent state of preservation, save that on one side a small extent of white wood is decayed. It measures 11 feet in length, is 2 feet 4 inches in width within, and 20 inches deep.

DISCOVERY OF CRANNOGUES.—At the general meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, held on Monday evening, at the Academy House, Dawson-street, Mr. Wilde communicated the discovery of three crannogues, or stockaded islands, in the counties of Leitrim, Longford, and Antrim, and also presented and described a number of donations found in connection with these crannogues. The crannogues were artificial "little tree or wooden islands," constructed in the lakes, and are generally found to contain many interesting relics of former times. The remains of a single-piece flat-bottomed oak canoe, weapons, tools, culinary implements, ornaments, net-weights, pottery, boat-chains, and numerous other articles were among the donations which accompanied Mr. Wilde's paper.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT COIN ON THE PRINCE CONSORT'S FARM.—A field called the Hospital Field, belonging to the Prince Consort, and abutting on the Long Walk, Windsor Great Park, has recently undergone the process of draining; three boys were employed to collect stones, when one of them picked up something which appeared to be a lump of lead, but upon investigation it proved to be a leaden case containing upwards of 150 pieces of silver coin, principally half-crowns, of the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. Most of them were in admirable preservation. The boys divided the coin among themselves; but, on the discovery becoming known to the steward, the coins were forwarded to her Majesty, and the lads suitably rewarded.

THE MARQUIS OF CAMPANA'S ETRUSCAN JEWELS.—One of the Marquis of Campana's cases of Etruscan Jewellery, deposited as security at the Monte di Pietà, was recently opened by permission of Government, for the inspection of Baroness Rothschild, and some few other favoured individuals. The category of the Campana Museum contains no fewer than 1,146 specimens of ancient diadema, wreaths, pins for the hair, ear-rings, collars, necklaces, scarabæi, brooches, bracelets, armlets, talismanic and ritual ornaments, gold and silver utensils, rings, seals, intaglios, cameos, and amber ornaments, almost all found in Etruscan tombs, and therefore undoubted works of that ancient people.

ROMAN REMAINS.—In digging a well near the village of Domfessel, near Saar Union (France), and not far from the ancient Roman wall, known in the district as the Heerstrasse, the workmen at 5 feet below the surface came upon the remains of an ancient reservoir, paved, and evidently of Roman origin. It contained the remains of pipes, and in the centre the base of a grey sandstone column, about 15 inches in diameter, and about 3 feet above the water level. The reservoir is 38 feet in circumference, and on the northern side is depressed into a straight line. The facing is composed of large hewn stones. There were found in the débris a few Roman coins, and the remains of vases, funeral urns, amphora, and numerous bricks, with projecting edges, besides fragments, polished on one side, of white marble veined with red, and pieces of oxidised iron. On the west side are three inlets or outfalls. The locality of Domfessel is of historical and archæological interest. The etymology of the name (*domus vasallorum*) indicates remote origin, and the church dates from the eleventh century.

SURREY ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—On Wednesday a general meeting of this society was held at the Horns Tavern, Kennington; upwards of 150 ladies and gentlemen were present. The walls of the room were covered with "brass rubbings" of ancient monuments, illustrative of the state of art in mediæval times. William Roupell, Esq., Vice-President of the Society, presided. After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read, Mr. Wm. Henry Hart, F.S.A., read a paper "On the Manor and Royal Residences of Kennington." After some introductory remarks about the successive inundations of the Thames, and the consequent effects on the parish of Lambeth, Mr. Hart proceeded to show that the very spot on which the Horns Tavern stood was either the site, or very near it, of an ancient palace, occupied from time to time by English Sovereigns, from the time of the Heptarchy down to Henry VI. It was there that Hardicanute, in 1042, got so drunk on a festive occasion that he fell to the earth, and never recovered. Edward the Confessor resided there, and his successor, Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings, placed the crown on his own head in or near the place where the meeting was assembled. King John, Edward I., Edward II., Henry IV., Henry V., and Henry VI. (1439) resided in the palace at Kennington. The property afterwards passed from the Crown into other hands, and, after various transmigrations, became a tavern known as the "Buck's Horns," of which the name of the present tavern was probably a contraction. The following subjects were afterwards brought under the consideration of the society: "The Parishes of Battersea and Penge," by Mr. W. H. Black, F.S.A.; "Remarks on a Deed of Sir Edward and Lady Barker contained in the Muniment-room of Whitgift's Hospital, Croydon," by Mr. J. W. Flower; and "A Notice of a Diary of Archbishop Laud," by Mr. J. W. Flower. A vote of thanks to the chairman terminated the proceedings.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT WROXETER.—It is stated that these excavations, at the moment when they were assuming greatly increasing interest, have been interrupted by the behaviour of an illiterate and unconciliatory farmer, who unfortunately is the tenant of the larger portion of the land within the circuit of the walls of the ancient city. Mr. Stanier, the person alluded to, after having himself marked out the ground which was to be given up during a limited period to the excavators, has subjected them to continual outbursts of ill-humour, and finally, after insulting Dr. Johnson, the honorary secretary of the Excavation Committee, in a gross manner, which his zeal for the undertaking alone could have induced him to bear, has shut out the men employed by the committee from the ground, and they have been excluded from the place of the first operations for the last ten days. An appeal has been made to the landlord, the Duke of Cleveland, whose liberality throughout leaves no doubt of the way in which he will act. It would, indeed, be a subject of regret that an undertaking which is assuming a character of great national importance should be allowed to be thwarted by the ill-humour of an ignorant tenant. The committee has from the first expressed its willingness, not only to pay the rent of the ground on which the excavations are carried on, but to pay also a fair compensation for any damage the farmer may consider he has sustained. The other tenants have regarded the undertaking with the greatest favour, and have expressed the utmost willingness to let the men employed by the Excavation Committee dig in

the lands they occupy. Accordingly, until the obstacle just mentioned has been overcome, the men have been set to work in another place, close upon the city wall, where they have come upon buildings and found various objects of interest. Among these are a head of a statue in stone, supposed to be that of the god Pan, and a mould for casting Roman coins. The officers in the provinces of the Roman empire seem to have had authority to cast the Imperial coins in the metal produced in the district, and Uriconium would appear, by this discovery, to have been one of the places where the Imperial coinage was thus multiplied. Coin-moulds of this sort have been found in several localities in this country.

DISCOVERY OF MURAL PAINTINGS.—The *Norfolk Chronicle* announces that during the repairs which are being executed at Field Dalling Church, the workmen on removing some of the plaster, found rich colouring underneath. Sufficient of the whitewash has been removed to show several figures in a kneeling posture before a larger figure of St. Christopher bearing the infant Saviour. The inscription is both in Latin and English. The former being "*Sancite Christopher, ora pro nobis.*" Of the latter there seemed to be at least three lines, only one of which has as yet been deciphered. It is simply "Christopher, we cry to thee." To the right hand of St. Christopher is another drawing which probably represents the Day of Judgment. The archangel sounding the trumpet, a centre figure with upraised hands, and several other outlines of figures in the foreground being plainly discernible. These paintings are on the wall of the north aisle. The east wall of the chancel has also evidently been painted; on picking off the plaster, a handsome but ill-executed border came to light, but nothing, however, worthy of note has as yet been discovered here; if there are any complete subjects, they are probably of a later date. The church contains two small brasses recording the interment of ancestors of the Hastings family, of the name of Nicolas, and the presentation of a silver cross (*argentum cruceum*) to the church. Small portions of a very handsome old screen have been discovered, richly carved and gilded, and the present ill-fashioned desk and pulpit were probably formed of the panels and part of the carved work of this screen, though now daubed and disfigured an eighth of an inch thick with gingerbread-coloured paint. Three very fine windows light the nave on the south side, which have remains of exquisitely stained glass, now so perforated with shot-holes as to be incapable of restoration. The church boasts also a fine font and a good peal of bells. To the lovers of architecture, and to archæologists generally, this church is worthy of a visit; it lies only six miles from the Walsingham railway station, and five miles from Holt, and commands an extensive view towards Wells over the Holkham property. The present incumbent is the Rev. R. H. Cobbold, lately archdeacon of Ningpo, China.

ROMAN EXCAVATIONS.—A very interesting discovery—the site of a Roman structure—has just been made near Apethorpe Hall, Northamptonshire. A few days ago, whilst Mr. Blashfield, the proprietor of the terra-cotta works at Stamford, was conversing with the Earl of Westmoreland, in the park, the practised eye of the former discovered some Roman mortar, which had been thrown on the surface soil by a workman employed in digging. A spade was transferred to Mr. Blashfield, who soon bared a tessellated pavement. On Saturday, the 9th inst., further explorations were made in the presence of his Lordship, Major Freke, the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, W. L. Hopkinson, Esq., M.D., Mr. Blashfield, &c., when further indications that they were on the site of a Roman villa presented themselves, and before leaving the spot on that day they were satisfied they had discovered the floor of an apartment, the extent of which probably exceeds every other found in this country in modern times. On Monday, the 11th inst., the excavations were resumed by five workmen, under the superintendence of Mr. Browning, architect, of Stamford, and the most gratifying results attended the labours of that day, when an hypocaust, its fire-place, very beautiful tesserae, &c. were found. For the information of those who are not conversant with the details of Roman domestic architecture, we may state that the hypocaust was an arched chamber, in which fire was kindled for the purpose of giving heat to the rooms above it; the method was first adopted in baths but was afterwards introduced in private houses. The fire-place for heating the hypocaust having been bared, steps were taken to discover the hypocaust itself, and in a short time several of its sections were exposed to view. Uniform and regularly-disposed pillars of flat tiles and mortar supported a floor of plaster or cement, and upon this was the tessellated pavement bedded in the cement, between one and two feet underground. Every pillar of the hypocaust is standing. The pavement of this extensive apartment probably consists of various sections: one of the portions bared shows part of a circle set in a square; the tesserae of which it is composed are various in their size, the prevailing colours, which are bright, being red, blue, and white. This is a very ingenious and pleasing specimen of the Roman art. The plain tesserae are believed to be composed of material found in the locality—probably dug on the estate now belonging to Lord Westmoreland. Near the furnace was found a quantity of burnt ashes. A portion of a wall showing "herring-bone" work was also bared. This description of masonry is a course of stonelaid angularly, so that those in each course are placed obliquely to the left and right alternately. Fragment of pottery of the period have been picked up. The excavations have been since continued, and the workmen are daily laying bare apartments, including a bath in excellent preservation. Lord Westmoreland is anxiously watching the explorations. The sites of Roman villas and other structures have been found in various places in the north-eastern part of Northamptonshire, but this is the first discovery of Roman remains at Apethorpe, which is between five and six miles distant from the Durobrivæ of Antoninus, between which and Apethorpe runs the Forty-foot or Ermine-street, and in the vicinity are two watercourses—the Nene and the Carr-dyke. The last-named has been recently traced from Peterborough to Wasingborough by the Rev. Edw. Trollope, F.S.A.—*Building News*.

LITERARY NEWS.

THE QUEEN has knighted Mr. Justice Haliburton, popularly known as "Sam Slick."

It is said that Mr. Washington Irving has completed the fifth volume of his *Life of Washington*.

The examination for the Goddard Scholarship, Winchester College, ended on Saturday in the scholarship being adjudged to O'Brien (scholar).

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans have moved the Court of Chancery with a view to accelerating the proceedings in winding-up the partnership in *re Household Words*.

According to the decision of the Barons of the Exchequer solemnly met in banco, a species of parchment manufactured out of the refuse of animals' skins has been decided to be *paper*, and therefore liable to duty.

The Countess de Montemerli, a lady well known in literary and artistic circles, is about publishing a series of works in the French language, of which the first, entitled "*La Bella Bella*," will appear during the ensuing month.

Miss Sarah Sutton, late proprietor of the *Englishwoman's Review*, has recovered from Darby, a printer, 122*l.* and costs, as the balance of the purchase money of that serial. The defendant pleaded that he had been deceived as to the value of

the property; it having been represented to him that the circulation was from 500 to 1,000; whereas the fact was that it was only eight or ten, and the gross receipts only thirty shillings.

On Friday night, the 15th instant, the distribution of prizes took place to the pupils of the evening classes at King's College. The Bishop of London presided, who, with the Rev. Mr. Jelf and the Rev. Mr. Plumtree, addressed the meeting.

The examinations for the Newcastle Scholarship have just been concluded at Eton College, and the result, according to Dr. Goodford's return, is that the scholarship has fallen upon Dyne, K.S., and the medal upon Austen-Leigh, K.S. Seven other scholars were selected.

It is stated that the author of a scientific book of merit having presented copies to the Queen and Prince Consort, they were returned with a note from Colonel Phipps stating that it was "contrary to rule for her Majesty and his Royal Highness to accept any articles offered to them."

On Tuesday evening the twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Bookbinders' Pension Society was held in the Mechanics' Institute, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, John Adlard, Esq., one of the trustees, being in the chair, in the absence of the Lord Mayor. The report showed that the commercial depression of last year had exercised an injurious effect upon the society, the receipts having become depressed to the extent of 70l.

On Friday evening, the 15th instant, a number of influential gentlemen of Derby and the district entertained P. Gurney Patmore, Esq., the late editor of the *Derby Mercury*, to dinner at the Royal Hotel in that town, on the occasion of his leaving Derby to become the principal editor of the *Melbourne Argus*. A handsome silver tankard and salver were presented to him in commemoration of the occasion. Mr. Patmore, who is a journalist and *littérateur* of long standing, is the father of Mr. Coventry Patmore, of the British Museum, and is himself the author of "My Friends and Acquaintances," which made its appearance nearly five years ago.

A deputation consisting of, among others, the Duke of Richmond, the Earls of Airlie and Kintore, Lords Forbes and Haddo, Colonel Sykes, M.P., Mr. E. Ellice, M.P., Mr. Ewing, M.P., Mr. Daglish, M.P., Sir Alexander Bannerman, the Lord Provost of Aberdeen, &c., waited on Lord Derby, on Monday, for the purpose of presenting a memorial against the ordinance of the Scottish University Commissioners suppressing Marischal College. The Duke of Richmond stated that the whole country was against the suppression, and the Provost of Aberdeen and Colonel Sykes spoke strongly against the measure. Lord Derby promised that nothing should be done until Parliament met again.

On Wednesday evening, the 109th annual meeting of the members and friends of the Book Society, for promoting education amongst the poorer classes, was held at the London Coffee-house, Ludgate-hill, the Lord Mayor in the chair. The report stated that during the year the advance had been satisfactory. The society's valuable publications had been circulated by tens of thousands, month after month, throughout the length and breadth of the land. The principle of the society was, that subscribers should distribute their own bounty—the society supplying books at reduced prices to the extent of the subscriptions. Consequently the committee had been unable to listen to many applications for grants of books made direct to the society. To avoid this in future, the committee suggested that the meeting should empower them to establish a free grant fund, towards which they had received assurances of continued support. The receipts during the past year, including the sale of publications, amounted to 5,453l. 16s. 2d., and the expenditure less that amount by 100l. 1s. 10d.

At the meeting of the Council of the College of Preceptors, held on Saturday the 16th, the following gentlemen were nominated members of the college: Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Head-Master of Shrewsbury School; Rev. Mr. Bradley, Head-Master of Marlborough College; Rev. Dr. Mortimer, Head-Master of City of London School; Rev. A. Carver, Master of Dulwich College; Rev. Mr. Osborne, Head-Master of Rossall School; Rev. J. J. Perowne, King's College, London; Rev. Mr. Dobson, Head-Master of Cheltenham College; Rev. Mr. Collie, Head-Master of Bromsgrove School; Rev. Mr. Gifford, Head-Master of King Edward VI. School, Birmingham; Rev. Mr. Holden, Head-Master of Ipswich Grammar School; Mr. J. Lethbridge, M.A., St. Paul's School, London; Rev. Mr. Smyth, Master of Cheltenham College; Dr. Falck Lebahn, Annett's-crescent, Islington; Mr. W. H. Temple, Hampstead; and Mr. W. Davis, De Beauvoir-square, Kingsland.

Mr. Madden, the publisher, has in the press a work on the Hindú Systems of Philosophy, by Dr. J. R. Ballantyne, Principal of the Government College at Benares. The work obtained a prize offered by a member of the Bengal Civil Service, for the best statement and refutation of the Hindú philosophies, and demonstration of the fundamental principles of Christian theism; the object being to place the objections to Hindúism and the arguments in favour of Christianity in a form likely to influence the minds of educated natives. The task was one of great difficulty, requiring an intimate acquaintance with the Sanskrit language and literature, and with the peculiarities of the Hindú mind, as well as large logical powers, and considerable literary ability. The Hindú intellect is acute and speculative, if not profound, and cannot be reached by arguments which would powerfully influence the minds of a less metaphysical race. Dr. Ballantyne, however, possesses singular facilities for the task he has undertaken. He is not only master of his subject, but he knows how to approach those who, directly or indirectly, will constitute his audience. His object has been to arm the missionary in India with the weapons of a Christian warfare, and to teach him how dexterously to use them. The work is prefaced by a general view of the Hindú systems of philosophy.

The *Publishers' Circular* says: "Our fears relative to the infliction of a Canadian import-duty on books and stationery have been realised; on every ground, literary, educational, and political, this is a most ill-advised measure. A portion of the tariff has been slightly improved at the urgent representations of the more enlightened Canadians, but the result stands thus: Printed books, 10 per cent. *ad valorem*; Bibles, Prayer-books, Testaments, and devotional books, free; prints, engravings, photographs, &c., 10 per cent.; maps, charts, and atlases, 10 per cent.; paper and other stationery, 20 per cent.; philosophical instruments and globes, free. The bill was hurried through at railroad speed, being read in the Upper House three times in succession at one sitting, and the tariff came into operation on the 28th ult. Our Montreal correspondent alludes to the measure and its effects so much to the purpose that we quote his remarks: 'We used to boast of our country being among the most liberal towards literature, but with such a tariff as this we feel heartily ashamed. Last year we fought off a threatened duty of 5 per cent. on books, and when that inspector-general resigned, and the present one, Mr. Galt (a son of the author of "Annals of the Parish," &c.) succeeded, we thought literature safe, but are miserably disappointed. A vast amount of smuggling of American books will ensue, but all English books will have to pay. The cheap American magazines and novels will remain the same as before, but the better class of books, and all English books, must be raised in price. Upon good books 10 per cent. *ad valorem* is the heaviest duty in the civilised world.'

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The following quotation of an order, recently received and supplied by a leading New York publishing-house to the Government of the State of Ohio, shows the "good times" publishers have occasionally on the other side. It seems that the State of Ohio annually appropriates about 82,000 dols. to the purchase of school apparatus and books for her school libraries. This large amount is raised by tax of one-tenth of a mill on the dollar of the entire property valuation of the State. Upon this law, the Hon. Aaron Smith, State Commissioner of Schools, concluded a contract, last September, with the Messrs. Appleton of New York, to supply the State for 1859. Accordingly, says our correspondent, "all the free space on the floor of the immense sale-room at Appleton's is now occupied by great masses of these books, piled solidly like bricks, ready for packing and shipment. In bulk, they measure over 25 solid cords, and weigh 78 tons." The order includes: "1,650 Goadby's Physiology, 1,300 Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England, 1,400 Bryant's Poems, 1,000 Halleck's Poems, 1,000 Dana's Household Book of Poetry, 1,400 Songs and Ballads of the Revolution, 1,650 Lossing's United States, 1,650 Mrs. Kirkland's Memoirs of Washington, 1,650 Heroes and Hero-Worship, 500 New American Cyclopædia, 1,650 Michelet's France, 1,000 Downing's Landscape Gardening, 500 Ruskin's Stones of Venice, 100 Moore's American Eloquence, 150 Benton's Abridgment of Congressional Debates, 1,650 Youmen's Household Science, 1,650 Life of Charles XII., 1,650 Elliott's Fruit-book, 1,650 Flint on Grasses, 1,650 Youatt and Martin on Cattle, 1,650 Incidents in American History, 1,650 Milburn's Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-bags, 1,650 Educational Biography, 1,500 India and her People, 1,250 Norse Folk, 500 Darlington's Agricultural Botany, 200 Maxims of Washington." Rather a desirable order for an overstocked publisher.—*Vive l'Education!*

Mr. Muir's prize of 30l., offered for competition to all students who have been members of the Class of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh in any of the last five years, has been awarded to Mr. George Wilson, Glasgow.

At the Glasgow Central Police-court, Mr. Robert Forrester, a bookseller in that city, was charged with selling old books, not having a broker's licence. Mr. Monro, the assessor, decided that the Police Act requiring licences to be taken out applied as much to old books as to old furniture; the object of the Act being to facilitate the tracing out of stolen property. The Sheriff of Perthshire and the Bailie concurred in this view, and Mr. Forrester was nominally fined. Another bookseller was also fined in the same manner. The fines were paid and intimation given that the judgments would be appealed to the Circuit Court.

The death of M. de Tocqueville, which was prematurely announced last week, and rightly contradicted (as we stated), by the *Journal du Var*, actually took place at Cannes on Saturday last, the 16th inst. M. de Tocqueville was 53 years of age.

An association has been formed at Paris to take up the question of literary and artistic property, upon the basis of "the principle of perpetuity," with the view, at first, to the dissemination of information upon the subject. The association consists at present of MM. Allouay and Laboulaye, of the *Débat*; M. E. Blanc, editor of the *Propriété Industrielle*; M. A. Bohn, painter; M. Colombier, music publisher; M. L. Hachette, the publisher; M. G. Guiffrey, advocate; M. H. B. Santine and M. J. Simon, *hommes de lettres*; and M. Vitu, of the *Pays*.

A strange case of libel has been just tried at Munich. Herr Zander, the editor of a small paper called the *Volksbote*, was accused of having slandered a minister of state, the Count Relgersberg. The libel was contained in an article on a recent election, and the words were: "The Herr Minister got twenty-four votes, but was not more wanting." To the non-Bavarian mind the sentence has no meaning whatever; but on the trial the advocate for the Crown reminded the court of the fact that a certain class of Bavarians are occasionally subjected to corporal punishment, and that twenty-five is the number of *prugel* or stripes which are judicially awarded to the delinquent among his Majesty's lieges. The allusion to the penal number of twenty-five was the *graven* of the charge preferred against Herr Zander. That gentleman made a humorous defence, and obtained a verdict.

Galignani says: It had long been a matter of regret to scientific men that four manuscripts, known to have been written by Descartes, and bearing the following titles: 1. Considerations on Science in general; 2. Something on Algebra; 3. Experimenta; and 4. Olympica, had completely disappeared, leaving no trace of their existence. By a singular accident, Count Foucher de Careil has now discovered copies of them in an old press, which had not been opened for years, in the Library of Hanover. These copies are by the hand of Leibnitz, who had seen the originals at Paris; and what is still more remarkable, the copies themselves had nearly been lost in being sent from Rouen to Paris, the trunk containing them having been put on board a boat which foundered at the Port de l'Ecole, near the Louvre. They remained under water for three days, and when at length recovered, they had to be dried on ropes like linen. Two of these manuscripts bear the following note: "Copied on the 4th of June, 1676." Count Foucher de Careil has now published these valuable works.

OBITUARY.

BANGOR, the Right Reverend Christopher Bethell, Lord Bishop of, died at his episcopal palace, Bangor, N. Wales, in consequence of a paralytic stroke. The leading facts of the Right Reverend Bishop's life are thus recounted in *Crockford's Clerical Directory*: King's Coll. Camb. B.A. 1796, 2nd Member of the Privy Council, 1797, M.A. 1799, D.D. 1817; Rector of Kirby-Wick, Yorkshire, 1808; Dean of Winchester, 1814; consecrated Bishop of Gloucester, 1824, translated to Exeter, and from thence to Bangor, both in 1830; Episcopal Jurisdiction, the Isle of Anglesea, and portions of the counties of Carnarvon, Denbigh, Montgomery, and Merioneth; gross income of See, 4,000l.; his Lordship was formerly a Fellow of King's Coll. Camb.; Author of "A General View of the Doctrine of Regeneration in Baptism," 8vo. Lond. 1821, 4th edit. 1845; "A Charge at the Bishop of Gloucester's Primary Visitation," 4to. Gloucester, 1825; "Valedictory Address to John Thomas (James), Bishop of Calcutta, previous to his departure for India, with the Bishop of Calcutta's Reply," 8vo. Lond. 1827; "A Charge, at the Triennial Visitation of the Bishop of Gloucester," 8vo. Gloucester, 1828; "A Letter to the Rev. G. S. Faber, in reply to the Postscript of his Sixth Letter on Tractarian Secessions to Popery," 8vo. Lond. 1846; "A Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Bangor," 8vo. Lond. 1850; "Another Charge," 8vo. ib. 1852; Sermons, "On the Anniversary of the Royal Humane Society," 8vo. ib. 1825; "The Duty and Comfort of Casting all our Care upon God" (Vol. I. Original Family Sermons); "The Christian's Strength" (Vol. IV. ib.).

ROBINSON, Fayette, an American author, lately died at New York. "Mr Robinson was the author of 'Mexico and her Military Chieftains,' published in Philadelphia in 1847; 'Organisation of the United States Army,' in two volumes, published in 1848; and 'California and its Gold Regions,' published in 1849, and was an old and valued contributor to the *New York Spirit of the Times*, as well as to other journals. He was a native of Virginia, and some years ago was employed in the *Herald and Tribune* offices as translator.

TOCQUEVILLE, Alexis Charles Henri Clerel de,

MORGAN, Sydney, Lady.

BOSTO, Angiolina. [Notices of these distinguished persons occur in other parts of the paper.]

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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CORRIGENDA.

CLERICAL ERRORS.—In the "Sayings and Doings" of the last number, p. 383, two very important clerical errors were suffered to creep in. The first is the substitution of *tenuit* for *tenet* in the first paragraph, and the other the omission of "Fortuna" from the second line of the quotation from Juvenal's tenth Satire.

THE ART JOURNAL.—In the notice of the *Art Journal* for the current month, the authorship of the article on "John Linnell" was attributed to Mr. Fairholt. This was not correct: the real author being Mr. James Duffme, the able sub-editor of the *Art Journal*.

MESS SANA, &c.—Good exercise is the best training for good work, and we observe with pleasure that a club consisting entirely of gentlemen employed upon the printing establishments of the metropolitan newspapers have formed a cricket club for the purpose of practising that healthful and invigorating game. The London Press Cricket Club enrolls amongst its numbers several from the *Morning Advertiser*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Daily News*, *Daily News*, *Morning Herald*, *Economist*, *Sunday Times*, and the *Field*. On Saturday they met on the Victoria Park Ground, when a friendly match was played, sides being selected from the members present. The game was not played out, owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, it snowing nearly the whole of the time. Any communication as to arranging a match, if addressed to the secretary, *Morning Advertiser* office, will be attended to.

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